

JOHN'S JOURNALS:
The Poets of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHURCH & COUNTRY.



AMERICA, DAME VIII.
There on the other side, did behold
A Woman sitting, & graciously smiling.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblesse and Chivalrie-----
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde,
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head-----
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. VIII.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



Good little books! thyself I prize,
As child whose parent is so wise,
To him that is the fountain
Of nobleness and civility,
And who has been so long
A shepherd, feeding his
All on his flowing books,
And when his flock is past
Gave thanks for the day,
And when they are past
Come tell me what was said,
And I will find more often than
I have to my book.

VOL. VII.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE EDINBURGH PRESS, BY THE MESSRS.

1778.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. VIII.

CONTAINING HIS

SONNETS,		RUINS OF ROME,
ELEGIAC POEMS,		RUINS OF TIME,
TEARS OF THE MUSES,		MUROPOTMOS,

Ec. Ec. Ec.

Ah! Colin, whether on the lowly plain,
Piping to shepherds thy sweet roundelays,
Or whether singing in some lofty vein
Heroick deeds of past or present days,
Or whether in thy lovely mistress' praise
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill,
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to please,
With rare invention, beautified by skill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill!

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.

2000

AMORETTI:

OR, SONNETS.

G. W. SEN. TO THE AUTHOR.

DARK is the day when Phœbus' face is shrouded,
And weaker sights may wander soon astray,
But when they see his glorious rays unclouded,
With steady steps they keep the perfect way;
So while this Muse in foreign land doth stay,
Invention weeps, and pens are cast aside,
The time, like night, depriv'd of cheerful day,
And few do write, but, ah! too soon may slide.
Then bid thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Daunting thereby our neighbours' antient pride,
That do for poesie challenge chiefest name:
So we that live, and ages that succeed,
With great applause thy learned Works shall read.

G. W. JUN. TO THE AUTHOR.

AH! Colin, whether on the lowly plain,
Piping to shepherds thy sweet roundelays,
Or whether singing in some lofty vein
Heroick deeds of past or present days,
Or whether in thy lovely mistress' praise
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill,
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to please,
With rare invention, beautified by skill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill!
O therefore let that happy Muse proceed
To clime the height of Vertue's sacred hill!
Where endless honour shall be made thy meed;
Because no malice of succeeding days
Can raise those records of thy lasting praise.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

HAPPY, ye Leaves! whenas those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in Love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy Lines! on which with starry light
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying spright,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book.
And happy Rimes! bath'd in the sacred brook
Of Helicon, whence she derived is,
When ye behold that angel's blessed look,
My soul's long-lacked food, my heaven's bliss.
Leaves, Lines, and Rimes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

UNQUIET thought, whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love-pined heart,
And sithence have with sighs and sorrows fed,
Till greater than my womb thou woxen art,
Break forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest like to vipers' brood,
And seek some succour, both to ease my smart,
And also to sustain thy self with food:
But if in presence of that fairest proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet,
And with meek humble and afflicted mood
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, entreat;
Which if she grant, then live, and my love cherish;
If not, die soon, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THE sovereign beauty which I do admire,
 Witness the world how worthy to be prais'd,
 The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
 In my frail spirit, by her from baseness rais'd,
 That being now with her huge brightness daz'd,
 Base thing I can no more endure to view,
 But looking still on her, I stand amaz'd
 At wondrous sight of so celestial hue.
 So when my tongue would speak her praises due,
 It stopped is with thought's astonishment,
 And when my pen would write her titles true,
 It ravish'd is with fancy's wonderment;
 Yet in my heart I then both speak and write
 The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

NEW year forth looking out of Janus' gate,
 Doth seem to promise hope of new delight,
 And bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
 Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.
 And calling forth out of sad Winter's night
 Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerless bower,
 Wills him awake, and soon about him dight
 His wanton wings, and darts of deadly power:
 For lusty Spring, now in his timely howre,
 Is ready to come forth, him to receive,
 And warns the Earth, with divers-colour'd flowre,
 To deck her self, and her fair mantle weave;
 Then you, fair Flowre! in whom fresh youth doth reign,
 Prepare your self new love to entertain.

SONNET V.

RUDELY thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
 In finding fault with her too portly pride:
 The thing which I do most in her admire,
 Is of the world unworthy most envide:
 For in those lofty looks is close implide
 Scorn of base things and sleign of foul dishonour,
 Threatning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
 That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
 Such pride is praise, such portlines is honour,
 That boldness innocence bears in her eyes,
 And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
 Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
 Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
 Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
 Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
 Such love not like to lusts of baser kind,
 The harder won, the firmer will abide.
 The dureful oak, whose sap is not yet dride,
 Is long e'er it concejve the kindling fire,
 But when it once doth burn, it doth divide
 Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire:
 So hard it is to kindle new desire
 In gentle breast that shall endure for ever;
 Deep is the wound that dints the parts entire
 With chaste affects that nought but death can sever.
 Then think not long in taking little pain
 To knit the knot that ever shall remain.

SONNET VII.

FAIR eyes, the mirrour of my mazed heart,
 What wondrous vertue is contain'd in you,
 The which both life and death forth from you dart
 Into the object of your mighty view?
 For when ye mildly look with lovely hue,
 Then is my soul with life and love inspir'd;
 But when ye lowre, or look on me askew,
 Then do I die, as one with lightning fir'd.
 But since that life is more than death desir'd,
 Look ever lovely, as becomes you best;
 That your bright beams of my weak eyes admir'd,
 May kindle living fire within my breast.
 Such life should be the honour of your light,
 Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MORE than most fair, full of the living fire
 Kindled above, unto the Maker near;
 No eyes but joys, in which all powers conspire,
 That to the world nought else be counted dear:
 Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
 Shoot out his darts to base affection's wound?
 But angels come to lead frail minds to rest
 In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
 You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
 You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
 You calm the storm that passion did begin,
 Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
 Dark is the world where your light shined never;
 Well is he born that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

LONG-WHILE I fought to what I might compare,
 Those powreful eyes which lighten my dark spright,
 Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
 Resemble th' image of the goodly light.
 Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
 Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;
 Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
 Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
 Nor to the lightning, for they still persevere;
 Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
 Nor unto chrystal, for nought may them sever;
 Nor unto glass, such baseness mought offend her;
 Then to the Maker self they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.

UNRIGHTEOUS lord of Love! what law is this,
 That me thou makest thus tormented be,
 The whiles she lordeth in licentious blis
 Of her free-will scorning both thee and me?
 See how the tyranness doth joy to see
 The huge massacres which her eyes do make,
 And humbled hearts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance take.
 But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
 And that high look, with which she doth control
 All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
 And all her faults in thy black book enrol,
 That I may laugh at her in equal sort
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

SONNET XI.

DAILY when I do seek and sue for peace,
 And hostages do offer for my truth,
 She, cruel warrior, doth her self address
 To battel, and the weary war reneweth;
 Ne will be mov'd with reason or with ruth
 To grant small respite to my restless toil;
 But greedily her self intent pursueth,
 Of my poor life, to make unpitied spoil.
 Yet my poor life, all sorrows to assuage,
 I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie,
 But then she seeks, with torment and turmoil,
 To force me live, and will not let me die.
 All pain hath end, and every war hath peace;
 But mine no price nor prayer may sarcease.

SONNET XII.

ONE day I fought with her heart-thrilling eyes
 To make a truce, and terms to entertain,
 All fearless then of so false enemies,
 Which fought me to entrap in treason's train:
 So as I then disarmed did remain,
 A wicked ambush, which lay hidden long
 In the close covert of her guileful eye,
 Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
 Too feeble I to abide the brunt so strong,
 Was forc'd to yield my self into their hands,
 Who me captiving, straight with rigorous wrong
 Have ever since kept me in cruel bands:
 So, Lady, now to you I do complain
 Against your eyes, that justice I may gain.

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud port which her so goodly graceth,
 Whiles her fair face she rears up to the sky,
 And to the ground her eye-lids low embraceth,
 Most goodly temperature ye may descry,
 Mild humbels; mixt with awful majesty;
 For looking on the earth, whence she was born,
 Her mind remembreth her mortality;
 What-so is fairest shall to earth return.
 But that some lofty countenance seems to scorn
 Base thing, and think how she to heaven may clime,
 Treading down earth as loathsome and forlorn,
 That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime;
 Yet lowly still vouchsafe to look on me,
 Such lowliness shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

RETURN again, my forces, late dismaid,
 Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite;
 Great shame it is to leave, like one afraid,
 So fair a piece for one repulse so light.
 'Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
 Than those small forces ye were wont belay;
 Such haughty minds, enur'd to hardy fight,
 Disdain to yield unto the first assay.
 Bring, therefore, all the forces that ye may,
 And lay incessant battry to her heart;
 Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
 Those engins can the proudest love convert;
 And if those fail, fall down and die before her,
 So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradeful Merchants! that with weary toil
 Do seek most precious things to make your gain;
 And both the Indias of their treasure spoil,
 What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
 For, lo! my love doth in her self contain
 All this world's riches that may far be found;
 If saphyrs, lo! her eyes be saphyrs plain;
 If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound;
 If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
 If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
 If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
 If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen;
 But that which fairest is, but few behold,
 Her mind, adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
 On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light,
 The whiles my stonish'd heart stood in amaze,
 Through sweet illusion of her look's delight,
 I mote perceive how in her glancing sight
 Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,
 Darting their deadly arrows fiery bright
 At every rash beholder passing by:
 One of those archers closely I did spy
 Aiming his arrow at my very heart,
 When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
 The damsel broke his misintended dart;
 Had she not so done sure I had been slain;
 Yet as it was I hardly escap'd with pain.

SONNET XVII.

THE glorious portrait of that angel's face,
 Made to amaze weak mens confused skill;
 And this world's worthless glory to embrace,
 What pen, what pencil, can express her fill?
 For though he colours could devise at will,
 And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide;
 Lest trembling in his workmanship should spill;
 Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
 The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide,
 The charming smiles that rob sense from the heart;
 The lovely pleasures, and the lofty pride,
 Cannot expressed be by any art:
 A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need,
 That can express the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THE rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
 The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
 And drizzling drops, that often do rebound,
 The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
 Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear,
 And long intreaty, soften her hard heart,
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
 Or look with pity on my painful smart:
 But when I plead, she bids me play my part;
 And when I weep, she says tears are but water;
 And when I sigh, she says I know the art;
 And when I wail, she turns her self to laughter:
 So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
 Whiles she as steel and flint doth still remain.

SONNET XIX.

THE merry cuckow, messenger of spring,
His trumpet strill hath thrice already sounded,
That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned:
With noise whereof the quire of birds resounded
Their anthems sweet, devised of love's praise,
That all the woods their ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their lays:
But 'mongst them all, which did Love's honour raise,
No word was heard of her that most it ought,
But she his precept proudly disobeys,
And doth his idle message set at nought;
Therefore, O Love! unless she turn to thee
E'er cuckow end, let her a rebel be.

SONNET XX.

IN vain I seek and sue to her for grace,
And do mine humble heart before her pour,
The whiles her foot she in my neck doth place,
And tread my life down in the lowly flour:
And yet the lion, that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdeigneth to devour
The silly lamb that to his might doth yield:
But she, more cruel and more salvage wild
Than either lion or the lioness,
Shames not to be with guiltless blood defild;
But taketh glory in her cruelty:
Fairer than fairest, let none ever say
That ye were blooded in a yielded prey.

SONNET XXIX

WAS it the work of Nature or of Art,
 Which tempered so the features of her face;
 That pride and meekness, mixt by equal part,
 Do both appear t'adorn her beauty's grate:
 For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
 She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure,
 And with stern count'nance back again doth chase
 Their looser looks, that stir up lust's impure.
 With such strange trains her eyes the doth inure,
 That with one look she doth my life dismay,
 And with another doth it straight restore:
 Her smile me draws, her frown me drives away.
 Thus doth she train and teach me with her looks;
 Such art of eyes I never read in books.

SONNET XXX

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
 Men to devotion ought to be inclin'd;
 Therefore I likewise on so holy day,
 For my sweet saint some service fit will find:
 Her temple fair is built within my mind,
 In which her glorious image placed is,
 On which my thoughts do day and night attend,
 Like sacred priests, that never think amiss;
 There I to her, as the author of my bliss,
 Will build an altar to appease her ire,
 And on the same my heart will sacrifice,
 Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire;
 The which touchstone, O Goddess, to accept,
 Amongst thy dearest relics to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Ulysses' sake,
 Deviz'd a web her wooers to deceive,
 In which the work that she all day did make;
 The same at night she did again unweave;
 Such subtilcraft my damsel doth conceive,
 Th' importunate sute of my desire to shun,
 For all that I in many days do weave,
 In one short hour I find by her undun.
 So when I think to end that I begun,
 I must begin and never bring to end;
 Forth with one look she spills that long I spun,
 And with one word my whole year's work doth rend:
 Such labour like the spider's web I find,
 Whose fruitless work is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIV.

WHEN I behold that beauty's wonderment,
 And rare perfection of each goodly part,
 Of Nature's skill, the only complement,
 I honour and admire the Maker's art;
 But when I feel the bitter baleful smart
 Which her fair eyes unwares do work in me,
 That death out of their shiny beams do dart,
 I think that I a new Pandora see,
 Whom all the gods in counsel did agree
 Into this sinful world from heaven to send,
 That she to wicked men a scourge should be
 For all their faults with which they did offend;
 But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat
 That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV

How long shall this like dying life endure,
 And know no end of its own misery,
 But waste and wear away in terms unsure,
 'Twixt fear and hope depending doubtfully?
 Yet better were attence to let me die,
 And shew the last example of your pride,
 Than to torment me thus with cruelty,
 To prove your pow'r, which I too well have tri'd.
 But yet if in your harden'd breast ye hide
 A close intent at last to shew me grace,
 Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
 As means of bliss I gladly will embrace,
 And wish that more and greater they might be,
 That greater meed at last may turn to me.

SONNET XXVI

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
 Sweet is the aglantine, but pricketh near;
 Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;
 Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
 Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet four enough;
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill:
 So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more;
 For easy things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.
 Why then should I account of little pain,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

SONNET XXVII.

FAIR Proud! now tell me, why should fair be proud,
 Sith all world's glory is but dross and clean;
 And in the shade of death it self should shroud,
 How-ever now thereof ye little ween.
 That goodly idoly now so gay be seen,
 Shall doff her feshes borrow'd fair attire,
 And be forgot as it had never been,
 That many now much worship and admire;
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 Ne any mention shall thereof remain,
 But what this verse, that never shall expire,
 Shall to you purchase with her thankless pain.
 Fair! be no longer proud of that shall perish,
 But that which shall you make immortal cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

THE laurel leaf, which you this day do wear,
 Gives me great hope of your relenting mind;
 For since it is the badge which I do bear,
 Ye bearing it do seem to me inclin'd;
 The power thereof, which oft in me I find,
 Let it likewise your gentle breast inspire
 With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 Of that proud maid whom now these leaves attire.
 Proud Daphne, scorning Phoebus' lovely fire,
 On the Thessalian shore from him did lie,
 For which the gods, in their revengeful ire,
 Did her transform into a laurel-tree.
 Then fly no more, fair Love! from Phoebus' chace,
 But in your breast his leaf and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEE how the stubborn damsel doth deprave
 My simple meaning with disdainful scorn,
 And by the bay which I unto her gave,
 Accounts my self her captive quite forlorn:
 The bay, quoth she, is of the victor born,
 Yielded them by the vanquish'd as their meeds,
 And they therewith do ports' heads adorn,
 To sing the glory of their famous deeds;
 But sith she will the conquest challenge needs,
 Let her accept me as her faithful thrall,
 That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
 I may in trump of Fame blaze over all;
 Then would I deck her head with glorious bays,
 And fill the world with her victorious praise.

SONNET XXX.

MY love is like to ice, and I to fire;
 How comes it, then, that this her cold so great
 Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desire,
 But harder grows the more I her intreat?
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 Is not delaid by her heart-frozen cold,
 But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
 And feel my flames augmented manifold?
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice;
 And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
 Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
 Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

Ah! why hath Nature to so hard a heart
 Given so goodly gifts of beauty's grace,
 Whose pride depraves each other better part,
 And all these precious ornaments deface?
 Sith to all other beasts of bloody race
 A dreadful countenance she given hath,
 That with their terror all the rest may chase,
 And warn to shun the danger of their wrath;
 But my proud one doth work the greater scath
 Through sweet allurement of her lovely hue,
 That she the better may in bloody bath
 Of such poor thrall her cruel hands imbue,
 But did she know how ill these two accord,
 Such cruelty she would have soon abhor'd.

SONNET XXXII.

The painful smith with tares of fervent heat,
 The hardest iron soon doth mollifie;
 That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
 And fashion to what he is left apply;
 Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry
 Her heart, more hard than iron, soft awhile;
 Ne all the plaints and prayers with which I try
 Do beat on th'anvil of her stubborn wit;
 But still the more she frowns, the more my fit,
 The more she frowns, the more my fit;
 And harder grows the harder she is smit,
 With all the plaints which to her be applide;
 What then remains but I to ashes burn,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turn?

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I do, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred empress, my dear dread,
 Not finishing her Queen of Faery,
 That mote enlarge her living praises dead,
 But, Lodwick, this of grace to me arad;
 Do ye not think th' accomplishment of it
 Sufficient work for one man's simple head,
 All were it as the rest; but rudely writ?
 How then should I, without another wit,
 Think ever to endure so tedious toil?
 Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
 Of a proud love that doth my spirit spoil.
 Cease then till she vouchsafe to grant me rest,
 Or lend you me another living breast.

SONNET XXXIV.

Like as a ship that through the ocean wide,
 By conduct of some star doth make her way,
 When as a storm hath dim'd her trusty guide,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray;
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray,
 Me to direct, with clouds is over-cast,
 Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plac'd;
 Yet hope I will that when this storm is past
 My Helice, the loadstar of my life,
 Will shine again, and look on me at last
 With lovely light, to clear my cloudy grief;
 Till then I wander carefull, comfortless,
 In secret sorrow and sad penitence.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy coverise
 Still to behold the object of their pain,
 With no contentment can themselves suffice,
 But having pine, and having not complain:
 For lacking it they cannot life sustain,
 And having it they gaze on it the more;
 In their amazement like Narcissus vain,
 Whose eyes him starv'd; so plenty makes me poor.
 Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
 Of that fair sight, that nothing else they brook,
 But loath the things which they did like before,
 And can no more endure on them to look.
 All this world's glory seemeth vain to me,
 And all their shows but shadows, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

TELL me, when shall these weary woes have end?
 Or shall their ruthless torment never cease?
 But all my days in pining languor spend,
 Without hope of asswagement or release.
 Is there no means for me to purchase peace,
 Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes?
 But that their cruelty doth still increase,
 And daily more augment my miseries.
 But when ye have shew'd all extremities,
 Then think how little glory ye have gain'd
 By slaying him, whose life though ye despise,
 Mote have your life in honour long maintain'd;
 But by his death, which some perhaps will more,
 Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHAT guile is this, that those her golden tresses
 She doth attire under a net of gold,
 And with fly skill so cunningly them dresses,
 That which is gold or hair may scarce be told?
 Is it that mens frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
 She may entangle in that golden snare,
 And being caught, may craftily enfold
 Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware
 Take heed, therefore, mine Eyes, how ye do stare
 Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
 In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
 Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
 Fondness it were for any, being free,
 To covet fetters, though they golden be.

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when through tempest's cruel wrack
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,
 Through the sweet musick which his harp did make,
 Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease;
 But my rude musick, which was wont to please
 Some dainty ears, cannot with any skill
 The dreadful tempest of her wrath appease,
 Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will,
 But in her pride she doth persevere still,
 All careless how my life for her decays,
 Yet with one word she can it save or spill;
 To spill were pity, but to save were praise;
 Chuse rather to be prais'd for doing good,
 Than to be blam'd for spilling guileless blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWEET Smile, the daughter of the Queen of Love,
 Expressing all thy mother's powerful art,
 With which she wons to temper angry Jove,
 When all the gods he threats with thundring dart,
 Sweet is thy vertue, as thy self sweet art;
 For when on me thou shinedst late in sadness,
 A melting pleasance ran through every part,
 And me revived with heart-robbling gladness,
 Whilst rapt with joy resembling heavenly madness,
 My soul was raviht quite as in a trance,
 And feeling thence no more her sorrow's sadness,
 Fed on the fulness of that chearful glance;
 More sweet than nectar or ambrosial meat
 Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable chear,
 And tell me whereto can ye liken it,
 When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear
 An hundred graces, as in shade to sit:
 Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
 Unto the fair sunshine in summer's-day,
 That when a dreadful storm away is flit,
 Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray,
 At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
 And every beast that to his den was fled,
 Come forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 And to the light lift up their drooping head:
 So my storm-beaten heart likewise is chear'd
 With that sun-shine, when cloudy looks are clear'd.

SONNET XLII

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
 To be so cruel to an humbled foe?
 If nature, then she may it mend with skill;
 If will, then she at will may will forgoe;
 But if her nature and her will be so,
 That she will plague the man that loves her most,
 And take delight t' encrease a wretch's woe;
 Then all her nature's goodly gifts are lost,
 And that same glorious beauty's idle boast
 Is but a bait such wretches to beguile,
 As being long in her love's tempest tost,
 She means at last to make her piteous spoil.
 O fairest Fair! let never it be nam'd,
 That so fair beauty was so foully sham'd!

SONNET XLIII

The love which me so cruelly tormenteth,
 So pleasing is in my extreamest pain,
 That all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
 The more I love and do embrace my bane;
 Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vain)
 To be acquit fro my continual smart,
 But joy her thrall for ever to remain,
 And yield for pledge my poor captived heart,
 The which, that it from her may never part,
 Let her, if please her, bind with adamant chain,
 And from all wandering loves which mote pervart,
 In safe assurance strongly it restrain;
 Only let her abstain from cruelty,
 And do me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speak?
 And if I speak, her wrath renew I shall;
 And if I silent be my heart will break;
 Or choaked be with overflowing gall.
 What tyranny is this my heart to thrall,
 And eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie,
 That neither I may speak nor think at all,
 But like a stupid stock in silence die?
 Yet I my heart with silence secretly
 Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead,
 And eke mine eyes with meek humility,
 Love-learned letters to her eyes to read,
 Which her deep wit, that true heart's thought can
 Will soon conceive, and learn to construe well. [Spell,

SONNET XLIV.

WHEN those renowned noble peers of Greece,
 Through stubborn pride among themselves did jar,
 Forgetful of the famous Golden Fleece,
 Then Orpheus with his harp their strife did bar:
 But this continual, cruel, civil war,
 The which my self against my self do make,
 Whilst my weak powers of passions warreid are,
 No skill can stint, nor reason can asslake:
 But when in hand my tuneless harp I take,
 Then do I more augment my foes despight,
 And grief renew, and passions do awake
 To battail, fresh against my self to fight;
 'Mongst whom the more I seek to settle peace,
 The more I find their malice to increase.

SONNET XLV.

LEAVE, Lady! in your glass of crystal clean
 Your goodly self for evermore to view,
 And in my self, my inward self I mean,
 Most lively like behold your semblant true;
 Within my heart, though hardly it can shew
 Thing so divine to view of earthly eye,
 The fair idea of your celestial hue,
 And every part, remains immortally;
 And were it not that through your cruelty,
 With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
 The goodly image of your wisdom,
 Clearer than crystal would therein appear;
 But if your self in me ye plain will see,
 Remove the cause by which your fair beams darkned

SONNET XLVI.

WHEN my abode's prefixed time is spent,
 My cruel fair straight bids me wend away;
 But then from heaven most hideous storms are sent,
 As willing me against her will to stay.
 Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey?
 The heavens know best what is the best for me;
 But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
 My lower heaven, so it perforce must be:
 But ye, high Heavens, that all this sorrow see,
 Sith all your tempests cannot me hold back,
 Assuage your storms, or else both you and she
 Will both together me too sorely wrack,
 Enough it is for one man to sustain
 The storms which she alone on me doth rain.

SONNET XLVII.

TRUST not the treason of those smiling looks,
 Until ye have their glibful trains well tride,
 For they are like but unto golden hooks,
 That from the foolish fish their baits do hide;
 So she with flattering smiles weak hearts doth guide
 Unto her love, and tempt to their decay,
 Whom being caught, she kills with cruel pride,
 And feeds at pleasure on the wretched prey;
 Yet even whilst her bloody hands them slay,
 Her eyes look lovely, and upon them smile,
 That they take pleasure in their cruel play,
 And dying, do themselves of pain beguile.
 O mighty charm which makes men love their bane,
 And think they die with pleasure, live with pain!

SONNET XLVIII.

INNOCENT Paper! whom too cruel hand
 Did make the matter to avenge her ire,
 And ere she could thy cause well understand,
 Did sacrifice unto the greedy fire;
 Well worthy thou to have found better hire
 Than so bad end, for hereticks ordain'd;
 Yet heretic nor treason didst conspire,
 But plead thy master's cause, unjustly pain'd;
 Whom she, all careless of his grief, constrain'd
 To utter forth the anguish of his heart,
 And would not hear, when he to her complain'd
 The piteous passion of his dying smart:
 Yet live for ever, though against her will,
 And speak her good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAIR Cruel! why are ye so fierce and cruel?
 Is it because your eyes have power to kill?
 Then know that mercy is the mighty's jewel,
 And greater glory think to save than spill.
 But if it be your pleasure and proud will
 To shew the power of your imperious eyes,
 Then not on him that never thought you ill,
 But bend your force against your enemies:
 Let them feel th' utmost of your crackties,
 And kill with looks, as cockatrices do;
 But him that at your footstool humbled lies
 With merciful regard, give mercy to:
 Such mercy shall you make admir'd to be;
 So shall you live by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

LONG languishing in double malady
 Of my heart's wound and of my body's grief,
 There came to me a leach that would apply
 Fit med'cines for my body's best relief:
 Vain Man! quoth he, that hast but little prief
 In deep discovery of the mind's disease,
 Is not the heart of all the body chief,
 And rules the members as it self doth please?
 Then with some cordials seek for to appease
 The inward languour of my wounded heart,
 And then my body shall have shortly ease:
 But such sweet cordials pass physicians' art,
 Then my life's leach, do you your skill reveal,
 And with one salve both heart and body heal.

SONNET LII.

Do I not see the fairest images
 Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
 For that they should endure through many ages,
 Ne let their famous monuments to fade?
 Why then do I, untrain'd in lover's trade,
 Her hardness blame, which I should more commend?
 Sith never ought was excellent affaid,
 Which was not hard to atchive and bring to end;
 Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend
 Mote soften it, and to his will allure;
 So do I hope her stubborn heart to bend,
 And that it then more stedfast will endure:
 Only my pains will be the more to get her,
 But having her, my joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
 I go like one that, having lost the field,
 Is prisoner led away with heavy heart,
 Dispoil'd of warlike arms and knowen shield:
 So do I now my self a prisoner yield
 To sorrow and to solitary pain,
 From presence of my dearest dear exil'd,
 Long-while alone in languour to remain.
 Then let no thought of joy, or pleasure vain,
 Dare to approach, that may my solace breed,
 But suddain dumps, and dreery sad disdain
 Of all world's gladness more my torment feed:
 So I her absence will my penance make,
 That of her presence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIH.

THE panther, knowing that his spotted hide
 Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray,
 Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
 To let them gaze, whilst he on them may prey:
 Right so my cruel fair with me doth play,
 For with the goodly semblance of her hue
 She doth allure me to mine own decay,
 And then no mercy will unto me shew.
 Great shame it is thing so divine in view,
 Made for to be the world's most ornament,
 To make the bait her gazers to embrew;
 Good shames to be to ill an instrument;
 But mercy doth with beauty best agree,
 As in their Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIV.

OR this world's theater in which we stay,
 My love, like the spectator, idle sits,
 Beholding me that all the pageants play,
 Disguising diversly my troubled wits.
 Sometimes I joy, when glad occasion fits,
 And mask in mirth like to a comedy;
 Soon after, when my joy to sorrow fits,
 I wail, and make my woes a tragedy:
 Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
 Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart;
 But when I laugh she mocks; and when I cry
 She laughs, and hardens evermore her heart:
 What then can move her? if nor mirth nor moene,
 She is no woman, but a sculless stone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beauty do behold,
 And there-with do her cruelty compare,
 I marvail of what substance was the mould
 The which her made at once so cruel fair.
 Not earth, for her high thoughts more heavenly are;
 Not water, for her love doth burn like fire;
 Not air, for she is not so light or rare;
 Not fire, for she doth freeze with faint desire:
 Then needs another element inquire
 Whereof she mote be made, that is the sky;
 For to the heaven her haughty looks aspire,
 And eke her love is pure immortal hy.
 Then sith to heaven ye likened are the best,
 Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

FAIR ye be sure, but cruel and unkind,
 As is a tyger, that with greediness
 Hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
 A feeble beast, doth felly him oppress.
 Fair be ye sure, but proud and pitiless,
 As is a storm, that all things doth prostrate,
 Finding a tree alone all comfortless,
 Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
 Fair be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
 As is a rock amidst the raging floods,
 'Gainst which a ship, of succour desolate,
 Doth suffer wreck both of her self and goods.
 That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
 Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWEET Warriour! when shall I have peace with you?
 High time it is this war now ended were,
 Which I no longer can endure to sue,
 Ne your incessant battry more to bear:
 So weak my powers, so sore my wounds appear,
 That wonder is how I should live a jot,
 Seeing my heart through-launched every where
 With thousand arrows which your eyes have shot:
 Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
 But glory think to make these cruel stoures,
 Ye cruel One! what glory can be got
 In slaying him that would live gladly your's?
 Make peace, therefore, and grant me timely grace,
 That all my wounds will heal in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

To her that is most assured to her self.
 WEAK is th' assurance that weak flesh reposeth
 In her own powre, and scorneth others' aid;
 That soonest falls, when as she most supposeth
 Her self assur'd, and is of nought affraid.
 All flesh is frail, and all her strength unstaid,
 Like a vain bubble blownen up with air;
 Devouring Time and changeful Chance have prey'd
 Her glorious pride, that none may it repair.
 Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fair,
 But faileth, trusting on his own assurance;
 And he that standeth on the highest stair
 Falls lowest; for on earth nought hath endurance.
 Why then do ye, proud Fair! misdeem so farr,
 That to your self ye most assured are?

SONNET LXX. 2

THERE happy she that is so well assur'd
 Unto her self, and settled so in heart,
 That neither will for better be allur'd,
 Ne fears to worse with any chance to start,
 But like a steddie ship, doth strongly part
 The raging waves, and keeps her course aright;
 Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
 Ne ought for fairer weather's false delight.
 Such self assurance need not fear the sight
 Of grudging foes, ne favours seek of friends;
 But in the stay of her own stedfast might,
 Neither to one her self nor other bends.
 Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,
 But he most happy who such one loves best.

SONNET LXX. 2

THEY that in course of heavenly sphears are skill'd,
 To every planet point his sundry year,
 In which her circles' voyage is fulfill'd,
 As Mars in threescore years doth run his sphear.
 So since the winged god his planet clear
 Began in me to move, one year is spent,
 The which doth longer unto me appear
 Than all those forty which my life out-went.
 Then by that count, which lovers' books invent,
 The sphear of Cupid forty years contains,
 Which I have wasted in long languishment;
 That seem'd the longer for my greater pains:
 But let my love's fair planet short her ways
 This year ensuing, for also short my days.

SONNET LXI.

THE glorious image of the Maker's beauty,
 My sovereign Saint! the idol of my thought,
 Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of duty,
 T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought;
 For being as she is divinely wrought,
 And of the brood of angels heav'nly born,
 And with the crew of blessed saints upbrought,
 Each of which did her with her gifts adorn,
 The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn,
 The beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire,
 What reason is it then but she should scorn
 Base things, that to her love too bold aspire?
 Such heav'nly forms ought rather worship'd be,
 Than dare be lov'd by men of mean degree.

SONNET LXII.

THE weary Year his race now having run,
 The new begins his compass course anew;
 With shew of morning mild he hath begun,
 Betokening peace and plenty to ensue.
 So let us, which this change of weather view,
 Change eke our minds, and former lives amend;
 The old year's sins forpast let us eschew,
 And fly the faults with which we did offend:
 Then shall the new-year's joy forth freshly send
 Into the glooming world his gladfom ray,
 And all these storms which now his beauty blend,
 Shall turn to calms, and timely clear away.
 So likewise, Love! cheer you your heavy spright,
 And change old year's amoy to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

AFTER long storms and tempests sad assay,
 Which hardly I endured heretofore,
 In dread of death and dangerous dismay,
 With which my silly bark was tossed fore,
 I do at length descry the happy shore,
 In which I hope ere long for to arrive;
 Fair soil it seems from far, and fraught with store
 Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
 Most happy he that can at last atchive
 The joyous safety of so sweet a rest,
 Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
 Remembrance of all pains which him oppress.
 All pains are nothing in respect of this,
 All sorrows short that gain eternal bliss.

SONNET LXIV.

COMING to kiss her lips (such grace I found)
 Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres,
 That dainty odours from them threw around,
 For damzels fit to deck their lovers' bowres.
 Her lips did smell like unto gilliflowers,
 Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,
 Her snowy brows like budded bellamoures,
 Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly spread,
 Her goodly bosom like a strawberry-bed,
 Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,
 Her brest like lillies ere their leaves be shed,
 Her nipples like young blossom'd jessemines;
 Such fragrant flowres do give most odorous smell,
 But her sweet odour did them all excel.

SONNET LXV.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love! is vain,
 That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
 When losing one two liberties ye gain,
 And make him bound that bondage earst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands the which true Love doth tie,
 Without constraint or dread of any ill;
 The gentle bird feels no captivity
 Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 The league 'twixt them; that loyal love hath bound;
 But simple truth and mutual good-will
 Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound;
 There Faith doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
 And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO all those happy blessings which ye have
 With plenteous hand by Heaven upon you thrown,
 This one disparagement they to you gave,
 That ye your love lent to so mean a one:
 Ye whose high words, surpassing paragon,
 Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
 Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
 Why did ye stoop unto so lowly state?
 But ye thereby much greater glory gate
 Than had ye sorted with a prince's peer;
 For now your light doth more it self dilate,
 And in my darkness greater doth appear:
 Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,
 With my reflex your's shall increased be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chace
 Seeing the game from him escape away,
 Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their prey;
 So, after long pursuit and vain assay,
 When I all weary had the chace forsook,
 The gentle deer return'd the self-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook;
 There she beholding me with milder look,
 Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,
 Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
 And with her own good-will her firmly tide,
 Strange thing me seem'd to see a beast so wild
 So goodly won, with her own will beguild.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOST glorious Lord of life, that on this day
 Didst make thy triumph over Death and Sin,
 And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win;
 This joyous day, dear Lord! with joy begin,
 And grant that we for whom thou diddest dy,
 Being with thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity;
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same again;
 And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
 With love may one another entertain,
 So let us love, dear Love! like as we ought;
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the antique world
 Us'd trophies to erect in stately wise,
 In which they would the records have enroll'd
 Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.
 What trophy, then, shall I most fit devise,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize,
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity?
 Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortal monument,
 And tells her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such world's rare wonderment,
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are displaid
 All sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously array'd,
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake,
 Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
 Unless she do him by the fore-lock take:
 Bid her, therefore, her self soon ready make
 To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew,
 Where every one that misseth then her make
 Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
 Make haste, therefore, sweet Love! whilst it is prime,
 For none can call again the passed time.

SONNET LXXI

I joy to see how in your drawn work
 Your self unto the bee ye do compare,
 And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
 In close await to catch her unawares
 Right so your self were caught in cunning snare
 Of a dear foe, and thrall'd to his love,
 In whose straight hands ye now captiv'd are
 So firmly, that ye never may remove
 But as your work is woven all about
 With woodbine, flowers and fragrant eglantine,
 So sweet your prison yow in time shall prove,
 With many dear delights bodecked fine,
 And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
 Between the spider and the gentle bee.

SONNET LXXII

Ort when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,
 In mind to mount up to the purest foy,
 It down is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
 And clogg'd with burden of mortality,
 Where when that sovereign beauty it doth spy,
 Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
 Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back doth fly,
 And unto heavens forgets her former flight,
 There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
 Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at ease,
 Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
 Her heart's desire with most contentment please,
 Heart need not wish make other happiness,
 But here on earth to have such heavens bliss.

SONNET LXXXIII.

BEING my self captiv'd here in care,
 My heart, whom none with servile bands can tie;
 But the fair tresses of your golden hair,
 Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly;
 Like as a bird, that in one's hand doth spy
 Desired food, to it doth make his flight;
 Even so my heart, that went on your fair eye
 To feed his fill, flies back up to your sight;
 Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
 Gently engage, that he may be your thrall;
 Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight,
 To sing your name and praises over all;
 That it hereafter may you not repent,
 Him lodging in your bosom to have lent.

SONNET LXXXIV.

MOST happy letters fram'd by skilful trade,
 With which that happy name was first design'd,
 The which three times thrice happy hath me made
 With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first my being to me gave by kind,
 From mother's womb deriv'd by due descent;
 The second is my sovereign queen most kind,
 That honour and large riches to me lent;
 The third my love, my life's last ornament,
 By whom my spirit out of dust was rais'd;
 To speak her praise and glory excellent,
 Of all alive most worthy to be prais'd.
 Ye three Elizabeths forever live,
 That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves and washed it away;
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
 Vain Man! said she, that doost in vain assay
 A mortal thing so to immortalize,
 For I my self shall like to this decay,
 And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
 Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
 My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name,
 Where, whenas Death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

FAIR bosom fraught with vertue's richest treasure,
 The nest of Love, the lodging of Delight,
 The bowre of Bliss, the paradise of Pleasure,
 The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright,
 How was I ravish'd with your lovely sight,
 And my frail thoughts too rashly led astray,
 Whiles diving deep through amorous insight,
 On the sweet spoil of beauty they did prey?
 And 'twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
 Whose harvest seem'd to hasten now apace,
 They loosely did their wanton wings display,
 And there to rest themselves did boldly place.
 Sweet thoughts, I envy your so happy rest,
 Which oft I wish'd, yet never was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII

WAS it a dream, or did I see it plain
 A goodly table of physicians' pain
 All spread with junicate, fit to entertain
 The greatest prince with pompous royalty,
 'Mongst which there in a silver dish did lie
 Two golden apples of unvalued price,
 Far passing those which Hercules came by,
 Or those which Atalanta did entice;
 Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinful vice,
 That many sought, yet none could ever taste,
 Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradise
 By Love himself, and in his garden place'd.
 Her brest that table was so richly spread,
 My thoughts the guests, which should thereon have

SONNET LXXVIII.

LACKING my love, I go from place to place,
 Like a young fawn that late hath lost the hind,
 And seek each where where last I saw her face;
 Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
 I seek the fields, with her late footing sign'd,
 I seek her bowre, with her late presence deck'd;
 Yet nor in field nor bowre can I her find,
 Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect;
 But when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
 They idly back return to me again;
 And when I hope to see their true object,
 I find my self but fed with fancies vain.
 Cease then, mine Eyes, to seek her self to see,
 And let my thoughts behold her self in me.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,
 For that your self ye daily such do see;
 But the true fair, that is, the gentle wit,
 And vertuous mind, is much more prais'd of me;
 For all the rest, how ever fair it be,
 Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
 But only that is permanent and free
 From frail corruption, that doth flesh enſew:
 That is true beauty; that doth argue you
 To be divine, and born of heavenly feed,
 Deriv'd from that fair Spirit from whom all true
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
 He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
 All other fair like flowers aptly fade.

SONNET LXXX.

AFTER so long a race as I have run
 Through Fairy-Land, which those Six Books compile,
 Give leave to rest me, being half foredun,
 And gather to my self new breath awhile:
 Then as a steed refreshed after toyle,
 Out of my prison I will break anew,
 And stoutly will that second work assaile,
 With strong endeavour and attention due,
 Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew
 To sport my Muse, and sing my love's sweet praise,
 The contemplation of whose heavenly hue
 My spirit to an higher pitch will raise:
 But let her praises yet be low and mean,
 Fit for the hand-maid of the Fairy Queen.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAIR is my love, when her fair golden hairs
 With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark,
 Fair when the rose in her red cheek appears,
 Or in her eyes the fire of love doth spark;
 Fair when her brest, like a rich laden bark
 With precious merchandize, she forth doth lay;
 Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
 Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away;
 But fairest she when so she doth display
 The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
 Through which her words so wise do make their way,
 To bear the message of her gentle spright;
 The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,
 But this the work of hearts' astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

JOY of my life, full oft for loving you
 I blifs my lot, that was so lucky plac'd;
 But then the more your own mishap I rue,
 That are so much by so mean love embas'd;
 For had the equal heavens so much you grac'd
 In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
 Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have enshac'd
 Your glorious name in golden monument;
 But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
 That little, that I am shall all be spent
 In setting your immortal praises forth,
 Whose lofty argument up-lifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

LET not one spark of filthy lustful fire
 Break out, that may her sacred peace molest;
 Ne one light glance of sensual desire
 Attempt to work her gentle mind's unrest;
 But pure affections, bred in spotless breast,
 And modest thoughts breath'd from well-temper'd
 Go visit her in her chaste bowre of rest;
 Accompany'd with angel-like delights;
 There fill your self with those most joyous sights,
 The which my self could never yet attain;
 But speak no word to her of these sad plights,
 Which her too constant sadness doth constrain;
 Only behold her rare perfection,
 And bless your fortune's fair election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

THE world, that cannot deem of worldly things,
 When I do praise her, say I do but flatter;
 So doth the cuckow when the mavis sings;
 Begin his witless note apace to chatter.
 But they that will not of so heavenly matter
 All that they know not envy or admire;
 Rather than envy, let them wonder at her;
 But not to dream of her desert aspire.
 Deep in the closet of my heart's desire
 Her worth is written with a golden quill;
 That me with heavenly lust doth inspire,
 And my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill;
 Which when as Fame in her shrill trumpet shall thunder,
 Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder;

SONNET LXXXV.

VENEMOUS tongue, tipt with vile adder's sting,
 Of that self kind with which the Furies sell
 Their snaky heads do comb, from which a spring
 Of poisoned words and spiteful speeches well,
 Let all the plagues and horrid pains of hell
 Upon thee fall for thine accursed hire,
 That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tell,
 In my true love did stir up coals of ire,
 The sparks whereof let kindle thine own fire,
 And catching hold on thine own wicked head,
 Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
 In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred.
 Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
 Due to thy self, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,
 Many long weary days I have out-worn,
 And many nights, that slowly seem'd to move
 Their sad protract from evening until morn:
 For when as day the heaven doth adorn,
 I wish that night the noyous day would end;
 And whenas night hath us of light forlorn,
 I wish that day would shortly re-ascend.
 Thus I the time with expectation spend,
 And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
 That further seems his term still to extend,
 And maketh every minute seem a mile:
 So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
 But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
 The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,
 I wander as in darkness of the night,
 Affraid of every danger's least dismay:
 Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
 When others gaze upon their shadows vain,
 But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
 Whereof some glance doth in mine eye remain;
 Of which beholding the idea plain,
 Through contemplation of my purest part,
 With light thereof I do my self sustain,
 And thereon feed my love-affamisht heart;
 But with such brightness whilst I fill my mind,
 I starve my body, and mine eyes do blind.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
 Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
 And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
 For his return, that seems to linger late;
 So I alone, now left disconsolate,
 Mourn to my self the absence of my love,
 And wandering here and there all desolate,
 Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove;
 Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
 Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight,
 Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
 In her unspotted pleasure to delight:
 Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
 And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGY

Upon the death of the noble and vertuous

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

*Daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon,
and wife of Arthur Gorges, Esquire.*

To the right honourable and vertuous lady,

HELENA

MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poem, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written was, by match, near allied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladyship. The occasion why I wrote the same was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good-will which I bear unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladyship by marriage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquity in this realm, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyalty to their prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne

Eij

Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolk, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges Knights: and therefore I do assure my self that no due honour done to the White Lion, but will be most grateful to your Ladyship, whose husband and children do so nearly participate with the blood of that noble family, So in all duty I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection.

Your Honour's humbly ever,

London, this first of
January, 1591.

ED. SPENSER.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHAT-EVER man he be whose heavy mind,
With grief of mournful great mishap oppress,
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,
Let read the ruful plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I ween, the woful'st man alive, 5
Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced brest
Sharp sorrow did in thousand pieces rive.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be banish'd far away from hence; 30
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrow heavily can sing,
For even their heavy song would breed delight;
But here no tunes save sobs and grones shall ring.

In stead of them and their sweet harmony, 15
 Let those three Fatal Sisters, whose sad hands
 Do weave the direful threads of Destiny,
 And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
 Approach hereto; and let the dreadful queen
 Of Darkness deep come from the Stygian strands; 20
 And grisly ghosts, to hear this doleful teen.

In gloomy evening, when the weary sun,
 After his day's long labour, drew to rest,
 And sweaty steeds now having over-run
 The compass sky, 'gan water in the west, 25
 I walk'd abroad to breathe the freshening air
 In open fields, whose flow'ring pride, oppress'd
 With early frosts, had lost their beauty fair.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
 Which daily doth my weaker wit possess, 30
 Ne lets it rest until it forth have brought
 Her long-born infant, fruit of heaviness,
 Which the conceived hath through meditation
 Of this world's vainness and life's wretchedness,
 That yet my soul it deeply doth empassion. 35

So as I mused on the misery
 In which men live, and I of many most,
 Most miserable man, I did espy
 Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
 Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray, 40
 And Jacob's staff in hand devoutly cross,
 Like to some pilgrim come from far away.

His careless locks, uncombed and unshorn,
 Hung long adown, and beard all over-grown,
 That well he seem'd to be some wight forlorn: 45
 Down to the earth his heavy eyes were thrown,
 As loathing light; and ever as he went
 He sigh'd oft, and inly deep did grone,
 As if his heart in pieces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I view'd nere, 50
 And by the semblant of his countenance
 Me seem'd I had his person seen elsewhere,
 Most like Alcyon seeming at a glance;
 Alcyon he, the jolly shepherd swain,
 That went full merrily to pipe and daunce, 55
 And fill with pleasance every wood and plain.

Yet half in doubt, because of his disguise,
 I softly said, Alcyon! There-withall
 He look'd aside as in disdainful wise,
 Yet stay'd not, till I again did call: 60
 Then turning back, he said, with hollow sound,
 Who is it that doth name me, woful thrall,
 The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?

One whom like wofulness impressed deep,
 Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to hear, 65
 And given like cause with thee to wail and weep;
 Grief finds some ease by him that like does bear.
 Then stay, Alcyon, gentle Shepherd! stay,
 (Quoth I) till thou have to my trusty ear
 Committed what thee doth so ill away. 70

Cease, foolish Man! (said he, half wrothfully)
 To seek to hear that which cannot be told,
 For the huge anguish which doth multiply
 My dying pains, no tongue can well unfold;
 Ne do I care that any should bemone: 75
 My hard mishap, or any weep that would,
 But seek alone to weep and die alone.

Then be it so, quoth I, that thou art bent
 To die alone, unpitied, unplaind;
 Yet ere thou die, it were convenient 80
 To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
 Lest that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
 And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
 That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound 85
 From the strong shackles of frail flesh, quoth he,
 Nought cares at all what they that live on ground
 Deem the occasion of his death to be;
 Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
 Than question made of his calamity, 90
 For heart's deep sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet sith so much thou seem'st to rue my grief,
 And car'st for one that for himself cares nought,
 (Sign of thy love, though nought for my relief,
 For my relief exceedeth living thought) 95
 I will to thee this heavy case relate:
 Then harken well till it to end be brought,
 For never didst thou hear more hapless fate.

" Whilome I us'd (as thou right well doost know)
 My little flock on western downs to keep, 100
 Not far from whence Sabrina's stream doth flow,
 And flowrie banks with silver liquor steep:
 Nought car'd I then for worldly change or chaunce,
 For all my joy was on my gentle sheep,
 And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce. 105

It there befell, as I the fields did range
 Fearless and free, a fair young lioness,
 White as the native rose before the change
 Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress,
 I spyed playing on the grassie plain 110
 Her youthful sports and kindly wantonness,
 That did all other beasts in beauty stain.

Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
 Whose like before mine eye had feldom seen,
 And gan to cast how I her compass might, 115
 And bring to hand that yet had never been:
 So well I wrought with mildness and with pain,
 That I her caught disporting on the green,
 And brought away fast bound with silver chain.

And afterwards I handled her so fair, 120
 That though by kind she stout and salvage were,
 For being born an ancient lion's heir,
 And of the race that all wild beasts do fear,
 Yet I her fram'd, and won so to my bent,
 That she became so meek and mild of chear, 125
 As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

For she in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or else in sleep, if nay, 130
She would all night by me or watch or sleep;
And evermore when I did sleep or play,
She of my flock would take full wary keep.

Safe then, and safest were my silly sheep,
Ne fear'd the wolf, ne fear'd the wildest beast, 135
All were I drown'd in careless quiet deep:
My lovely lioness without behest
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plain or wood. 140

Oft did the shepherds, which my hap did hear,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envide,
Daily resort to me from far and near,
To see my lioness, whose praises wide
Were spread abroad; and when her worthiness 145
Much greater than the rude report they try'd,
They her did praise, and my good fortune bless.

Long thus I joyed in my happiness,
And well did hope my joy would have no end;
But oh! fond Man! that in world's fickleness 150
Repos'dst hope, or weenedst her thy friend
That glories most in mortal miseries,
And daily doth her changeeful counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies;

For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt, 133
 A cruel Satyre with his murderous dart,
 Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,
 Gave her the fatal wound of deadly smart,
 And rest from me my sweet companion,
 And rest from me my love, my life, my heart: 160
 My lioness (ah, woe is me!) is gone!

Out of the world thus was she rest away,
 Out of the world, unworthy such a spoil,
 And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
 Much fitter than the Lion which with toil 165
 Alcides slew, and fix'd in firmament;
 Her now I seek throughout this earthly soil;
 And seeking miss, and missing do lament."

Therewith he 'gan afresh to wail and weep,
 That I for pity of his heavy plight 170
 Could not abstain mine eyes with tears to steep;
 But when I saw the anguish of his spright
 Some deal allay'd, I him bespake again;
 Certes, Aicyon, painful is thy plight,
 That it in me breeds almost equal pain. 175

Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
 That riddle of thy loved lioness,
 For rare it seems in reason to be scann'd,
 That man, who doth the whole world's rule possess,
 Should to a beast his noble heart embase, 180
 And be the vassal of his vassals;
 Therefore more plain aread this doubtful case.

Then fighting fore, "Daphne thou knew'st, quoth he,
 She now is dead;" ne more endur'd to say,
 But fell to ground for great extremity; 183
 That I beholding it, with deep dismay
 Was much appall'd, and lightly him uprearing,
 Revoked life, that would have fled away,
 All were my self, through grief, in deadly dreading.

Then 'gan I him to comfort all my best, 190
 And with mild counsaill strove to mitigate
 The stormy passion of his troubled brest,
 But he thereby was more empassionate;
 As stubborn steed, that is with curb restrained,
 Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate, 195
 And breaking forth at last, thus dearly plained:

I.

"What man henceforth that breatheth vital air
 Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore?
 Which so unjustly do their judgments share
 'Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore 200
 The innocent, as those which do transgress,
 And do not spare the best or fairest, more
 Than worst or foulest, but do both oppress.

If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so fair, sith fairness is neglected? 205
 Or why be they themselves immaculate,
 If purest things be not by them respected?
 She fair, she pure, most fair, most pure she was,
 Yet was by them as thing impure rejected;
 Yet she in pureness heaven it self did pass. 210

In pureness and in all celestial grace
 That men admire in goodly womankind
 She did excel, and seem'd of angels' race,
 Living on earth like angel new divin'd,
 Adorned with wisdom and with chastity, 215
 And all the d'owries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beauty much more beautify.

No age hath bred (since fair Astrea left
 The sinful world) more vertue in a wight;
 And when she parted hence, with her she rest 220
 Great hope, and robb'd her race of bounty quight.
 Well may the shepherd lasses now lament,
 For double loss by her hath on them light,
 To lose both her and bounty's ornament.

Ne let Eliza, royal shepherdesse, 225
 The praises of my parted love envy,
 For she hath praises in all plenteousness
 Pour'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
 By her own shepherd, Colin, her own shepherd,
 That her with heavenly hymns doth deify, 230
 Of rustick Muse full hardly to be better'd.

She is the rose, the glory of the day,
 And mine the primrose in the lowly shade:
 Mine, ah! not mine; amiss I mine did say:
 Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made; 235
 Mine to be his, with him to live for aye.
 O that so fair a flowre so soon should fade,
 And through untimely tempest fall away!

She fell away in her first age's spring,
 Whilst yet her leaf was green, and fresh her rind, 240
 And whilst her branch fair blossoms forth did bring,
 She fell away against all course of kind,
 For age to die is right, but youth is wrong:
 She fell away like fruit blown down with wind.
 Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-song. 245

II.

What heart so stony hard but that would weep,
 And pour forth fountains of incessant tears?
 What Timon but would let compassion creep
 Into his breast, and pierce his frozen ears?
 In stead of tears, whose brackish bitter well 250
 I wasted have, my heart-blood dropping wears,
 To think to ground how that fair blossom fell.

Yet fell she not as one enforc'd to die,
 Ne died with dread and grudging discontent;
 But as one toil'd with travel down doth lie, 255
 So lay she down, as if to sleep she went,
 And clos'd her eyes with careless quietness;
 The whiles soft Death away her spirit hent,
 And soul assoyl'd from sinful fleshliness.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake, 260
 She, all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
 Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
 Alcyon! ah, my first and latest love!
 Ah! why does my Alcyon weep and mourn,
 And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove, 265
 As if to me had chaunst some evil tourn!

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 And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove, 265
 As if to me had chaunst some evil tourn!

I, sith the messenger is come for me,
 That summons souls unto the bridale feast
 Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
 And straight obey his soveraign behest; 270
 Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
 That I from misery should be releast,
 And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

II

Our days are full of dolour and disease,
 Our life afflicted with incessant pain; 275
 That nought on earth may lessen or appease;
 Why then should I desire here to remain?
 Or why should he that loves me sorry be
 For my deliverance, or at all complain
 My good to hear, and toward joys to see? 280

I go, and long desired have to go,
 I go with gladness to my wilhed rest,
 Whereas no world's sad care nor wailing woe
 May come, their happy quiet to molest;
 But saints and angels in celestial thrones 285
 Eternally him praise that hath them blest;
 There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
 Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
 My young Ambrosia; in lieu of me 290
 Love her, so shall our love for ever last.
 Thus, Dear! adieu, whom I expect ere long.
 So having said, away she softly past.
 Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make mine under-song.

III.

So oft as I record those piercing words, 295
 Which yet are deep engraven in my brest,
 And those last deadly accents, which like swords
 Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding chest;
 With those sweet sugred speeches do compare,
 The which my soul first conquer'd and posselt, 300
 The first beginners of my endless care:

And when those pallid cheeks and ashie hue,
 In which sad Death his portraiture had writ,
 And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
 On which the cloud of ghastly Night did sit, 305
 I match with that sweet smile and chearful brow,
 Which all the world subdued unto it,
 How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I when I saw her lead
 The shepherds' daughters dauncing in a round, 310
 How trimly would she trace and softly tread
 The tender grass, with rosie garland crown'd?
 And when she list aduance her heavenly voice,
 Both Nymphs and Muses nigh she made astown'd,
 And flocks and shepherds caused to rejoyce. 315

But now, ye shepherd Lasses! who shall lead
 Your wandering troup, or sing your virelayes?
 Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
 That was the lady of your holy-days?
 Let now your blifs be turned into bale, 320
 And into plaints convert your ioyous plays,
 And with the same fill every hill and dale.

Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
 That may allure the senses to delight,
 Ne ever shepherd sound his oaten quill 325
 Unto the many that provoke them might
 To idle pleasure; but let ghastliness
 And dreary horror dim the cheerful light,
 To make the image of true heaviness;

Let birds be silent on the naked spray, 330
 And shady woods resound with dreadful yells;
 Let streaming floods their hasty courses stay,
 And parching drouth dry up the crystal wells;
 Let th' earth be barren, and bring forth no flowres,
 And th' air be fill'd with noise of doleful knells, 335
 And wandering spirits walk untimely houres.

And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
 Let rest her self from her long weariness,
 And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
 But hideous monsters full of ugliness; 340
 For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
 No nurse, but stepdame, cruel, mercifless.
 Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-song.

IV.

My little flock, whom earst I lov'd so well,
 And wont to feed with finest grais that grew, 345
 Feed ye henceforth on bitter astrefell,
 And stinking smallage, and unfavory rue;
 And when your maws are with those weeds corrupted,
 Be ye the prey of wolves; ne will I rue
 That with your carkasses wild beasts be gluttet. 350

Ne worfe to you, my filly Sheep! I pray,
 Ne forer vengeance with on you to fall
 Than to my felf, for whose confus'd decay
 To carelefs Heavens I do daily call;
 But Heavens refufe to hear a wretch's cry, 355
 And cruel Death doth scorn to come at call,
 Or grant this boon that moft defires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
 To plague th' unrighteous which alive remain,;
 But the ungodly ones he doth forfake, 360
 By living long to multiply their pain;
 Elfe furely death fhould be no punifhment,
 As the great Judge at firft did it ordain,
 But rather riddance from long languifhment.

Therefore my Daphne they have tane away, 365
 For worthy of a better place was fhe,
 But me unworthy willed here to ftay,
 That with her lack I might tormented be.
 Sith then they fo have ordred, I will pay
 Penance to her, according their decree, 370
 And to her ghofth do fervice day by day.

For I will walk this wandering pilgrimage,
 Throughout the world from one to other end,
 And in affliction wafte my bitter age:
 My bread fhall be the anguish of my mind, 375
 My drink the tears which from mine eyes do rain,
 My bed the ground that hardeft I may find;
 So will I wilfully increafe my pain.

And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
 When she beholds from her celestial throne 380
 (In which she joyeth in eternal bliss)
 My bitter penance, will my ease become,
 And pity me that living thus do die;
 For heavenly spirits have compassion
 On mortal men; and rue their misery. 385

So when I have with sorrow satisfied
 Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me seek,
 And th' Heavens with long languor pacified,
 She for pure pity of my sufferance meek,
 Will send for me, for which I daily long, 390
 And will till then my painful penance eke.
 Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-song.

V.

Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
 And in her workmanship no pleasure find,
 For they be all but vain, and quickly fade; 395
 So soon as on them blows the northern wind,
 They tarry not, but sit and fall away,
 Leaving behind them nought but grief of mind,
 And mocking such as think they long will stay.

I hate the heaven, because it doth with-hold 400
 Me from my love; and eke my love from me;
 I hate the earth, because it is the mould
 Of fleshly slime and frail mortality;
 I hate the fire, because to nought it flies;
 I hate the air, because sighs of it be; 405
 I hate the sea, because it tears supplies.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
 To see all things, and not my love to see;
 I hate the darkness, and the dreary night,
 Because they breed sad balefulness in me; 410
 I hate all times, because all times do fly
 So fast away, and may not stayed be,
 But as a speedy post that passeth by.

I hate to speak, my voice is spent with crying;
 I hate to hear, loud plaints have dull'd mine ears;
 I hate to taste, for food with-holds my dying; 416
 I hate to see, mine eyes are dimm'd with tears;
 I hate to smell; no sweet on earth is left;
 I hate to feel, my flesh is numb'd with fears:
 So all my senses from me are bereft. 420

I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
 The one, because as I they wretched are;
 The other, for because I do not find
 My love with them, that wont to be their star:
 And life I hate, because it will not last; 425
 And death I hate, because it life doth mar;
 And all I hate that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it, I hate,
 Because it changeth ever to and fro,
 And never standeth in one certain state, 430
 But still unstedfast, round about doth go
 Like a mill-wheel, in midst of misery,
 Driven with streams of wretchedness and woe,
 That dying lives, and living still does die.

So do I live, so do I daily die,
 And pine away in self-consuming pain;
 Sith she that did my vital powers supply,
 And feeble spirits in their force maintain,
 Is fetcht from me, why seek I to prolong
 My weary days in dolour and disdain? 440
 Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underfong.

VI.

Why do I longer live in life's despight,
 And do not die then in despight of death;
 Why do I longer see this loathsome light,
 And do in darkness not abridge my breath, 445
 Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
 And cares find quiet? is it so unceath
 To leave this life, or dolorous to die?

To live I find it deadly dolorous,
 For life draws care, and care continual woe; 450
 Therefore to die must needs be joyous,
 And wishful thing this sad life to forgoe;
 But I must stay; I may it not amend,
 My Daphne hence departing bade me so;
 She bade me stay till she for me did send. 455

Yet whilst I in this wretched vale do stay,
 My weary feet shall ever wandring be,
 That still I may be ready on my way
 When as her messenger doth come for me;
 Ne will I rest my feet for feebleness, 460
 Ne will I rest my limbs for frailty,
 Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaviness,

But as the mother of the gods, that sought
 For fair Eurydice, her daughter dear,
 Throughout the world, with woful heavy thought,
 So will I travel whilst I tarry here, 368
 Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
 Ne when as drouping Titan draweth near,
 To loose his teem, will I take up my inn.

Ne sleep (the harbenger of weary wights) 470
 Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
 Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
 Nor failing force to former strength restore;
 But I will wake and sorrow all the night
 With Philomel, my fortune to deplore; 475
 With Philomel, the partner of my plight.

And ever as I see the star to fall,
 And under ground to go to give them light
 Which dwell in darkness, I to mind will call
 How my fair star (that shin'd on me so bright) 480
 Fell suddainly, and faded under-ground,
 Since whose departure day is turn'd to night,
 And night without a Venus' star is found.

But as soon as Day doth shew his dewie face,
 And calls forth men unto their toylsom trade, 485
 I will withdraw me to some darksom place,
 Or some dear cave, or solitary shade;
 There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
 And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
 Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-song 490

VII.

Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
 Fair things on earth, ne feed on false delight
 Of ought that framed is of mortal mould,
 Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight;
 For all I see is vain and transitory, 495
 Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
 But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

And ye, fond Men! on Fortune's wheel that ride,
 Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
 Be it riches, beauty, or honour's pride, 500
 Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
 But ere ye be aware will flit away;
 For nought of them is yours, but th' only usance
 Of a small time, which none ascertain may.

And ye, true Lovers! whom defaustrous chaunce 505
 Hath far exiled from your ladies grace,
 To mourn in sorrow and sad sufferance,
 When ye do hear me in that desert place
 Lamenting loud my Daphne's elegy,
 Help me to wail my miserable case, 510
 And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye, more happy Lovers! which enjoy
 The presence of your dearest love's delight,
 When ye do hear my sorrowful annoy,
 Yet pity me in your empassion'd spright, 515
 And think that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
 May happen unto the most happy wight,
 For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

And ye, my fellow Shepherds! which do feed
 Your careless flocks on hills and open plains, 520
 With better fortune than did me succeed,
 Remember yet my undeserved pains;
 And when ye hear that I am dead or slain,
 Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swains
 That sad Alcyon dy'd in life's disdain. 525

And ye, fair Damsels! shepherds' dear delights,
 That with your loves do their rude hearts possess,
 Whenas my hearse shall happen to your sights,
 Vouchsafe to deck the same with cyparess;
 And ever sprinkle brackish tears among, 530
 In pity of my undeserv'd distress,
 The which I, wretch, endured have thus long.

And ye, poor Pilgrims! that with restless toyl
 Weary your selves in wandring desert ways,
 Till that you come where ye your vows alloy, 535
 When passing by ye read these woful lays
 On my grave written, rue my Daphne's wrong,
 And mourn for me that languish out my days.
 Cease, Shepherd! cease, and end thy underfong."

Thus when he ended had his heavy plaint, 540
 The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
 His cheeks wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
 As if again he would have fall'n to ground;
 Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
 Amoooved him out of his stony ffound, 545
 And 'gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
 Nor suffer folace to approach him nie,
 But caſting up a ſdeignful eye at me,
 That in his tranſce I would not let him lie, 550
 Did rend his hair, and beat his blubbred face,
 As one diſpoſed wilfully to die,
 That I fore griev'd to ſee his wretched caſe.

Tho when the pang was ſomewhat over- paſt,
 And the outrageous paſſion nigh appeaſed, 555
 I him deſir'd, ſith day was over-caſt,
 And dark night faſt approach'd, to be pleaſed
 To turn aſide unto my cabinet,
 And ſtay with me till he were better eaſed
 Of that ſtrong ſound which him ſo fore beſet. 560

But by no means I could him win thereto,
 Ne longer him intreat with me to ſtay,
 But without taking leave he forth did go
 With ſtaggering pace and diſmal looks' diſmay,
 As if that Death he in the face had ſeen, 565
 Or helliſh hags had met upon the way;
 But what of him became I cannot ween. 567

ASTROPHEL:

A PASTORAL ELEGY

Upon the death of the most noble and valorous knight,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Dedicated to the most beautiful and vertuous lady,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

SHEPHERDS! that wont on pipes of oaten reed
Off-times to plain your loves concealed smart,
And with your piteous lays have learn'd to breed
Compassion in a countrie lasses heart,
Hearken, ye gentle Shepherds! to my song,
And place my doleful plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournful verse,
The mournful 'st verse that ever man heard tell;
To you whose softned hearts it may emperce
With Dolour's dart, for death of Astrophel:
To you I sing, and to none other wight,
For well I wote my rymes been rarely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to hear, or covet them to read,
Think he that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living, but the dead;
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be mov'd to pity such a case.

A GENTLE shepherd, born in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassie banks of Hæmony
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store:
Full carefully he kept them day and night
In fairest fields, and Astrophel he hight.

Volume VIII.

G

Young Astrophel! the pride of shepherds' praise,
 Young Astrophel! the rustick lasses love,
 Far passing all the pastors of his days,
 In all that seemly shepherds might behove; 10
 In one thing only failing of the best,
 That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the nymph his mother
 Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
 A slender swain, excelling far each other 15
 In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
 He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
 And doubly fair wox both in mind and face;

Which daily more and more he did augment
 With gentle usage and demeanure mild; 20
 That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
 He stole away, and weetingly beguil'd:
 Ne Spight it self, that all good things doth spill,
 Found out in him that she could say was ill.

His sports were fair, his joyance innocent, 25
 Sweet without fowre, and honey without gall;
 And he himself seem'd made for merriment,
 Merrily masking both in bower and hall:
 There was no pleasure nor delightful play
 When Astrophel so ever was away. 30

For he could pipe and dance, and carol sweet
 Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast,

As sommer's lark, that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day, forth coming from the east;
 And layes of love he also could compose; 35
 Thrice happy she whom he to praise did chose.

Full many maidens often did him woo
 Them to vouchsafe amongst his rimes to name,
 Or make for them, as he was wont to do
 For her that did his heart with love inflame; 40
 For which they promised to dight for him
 Gay chapelets of flowers and girlonds trim.

And many a nymph, both of the wood and brook,
 Soon as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
 Both crystal wells and shady groves forsook, 45
 To hear the charms of his enchanting skill,
 And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
 Or mellow fruit if it were harvest-time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
 Yet wood-gods for them often sighed sore; 50
 Ne for their gifts, unworthy of his wit,
 Yet not unworthy of the country's store;
 For one alone he car'd, for one he sigh'd,
 His life's desire, and his dear love's delight.

Stella the fair! the fairest star in sky, 55
 As fair as Venus, or the fairest fair,
 (A fairer star saw never living eye)
 Shot her sharp-pointed beams through purest air;

Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
 His thoughts, his rimes, his songs, were all upon her.
 To her he vow'd the service of his days, 61
 On her he spent the riches of his wit,
 For her he made hymns of immortal praise,
 Of only her he sung, he thought, he writ:
 Her, and but her, of love he worthy deemed, 65
 For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wooed,
 And verses vain, (yet verses are not vain)
 But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
 And bold achievements her did entertain; 70
 For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
 Both wife and hardy, (too hardy, alas!)

In wrestling nimble, and in running swift;
 In shooting steady, and in swimming strong:
 Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift, 75
 And all the sports that shepherds are among.
 In every one he vanquish'd every one,
 He vanquish'd all, and vanquish'd was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicity,
 Or rather infelicity, he found, 80
 That every field and forest far away
 He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound:
 No beast so salvage but he could it kill,
 No chase so hard but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had, 185
 Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise
 To seek abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
 His mistress' name and his own fame to raise,
 What needeth peril to be fought abroad,
 Sith round about us it doth make abroad? 190

Where he, hooded, launched forth to bleed blood,
 It fortun'd as he that perilous game,
 In forein soil pursued far away,
 Into a forest wide and waste he came,
 Where store he heard to be of salvage prey:
 So wide a forest, and so waste as this, 95
 Nor famous Ardeyn nor foul Arlo is.

There his well-woven toyls and subtil trains
 He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap;
 So well he wrought with practice and with pains,
 That he of them great troups did soon entrap: 100
 Full happy man (misweening much) was he,
 So rich a spoyle within his power to see.

And he, all as he saw, saw none
 Eftsoones all heedless of his dearest hale,
 Full greedily into the herd he thrust,
 To slaughter them, and work their final bale, 105
 Lest that his toyl should of their troups be burst.
 Wide wounds emongst them many a one he made,
 Now with his sharp boar spear, now with his blade.

From her, the man's hand, and the man's hand
 His care was all how he them all might kill,
 That none might scape (so partial unto none): 110

Ill mind, so much to mind another's ill;
 As to become unmindful of his own:
 But pardon that unto the cruel Ikeye,
 That from himself to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd amongst that beastly rout, 115
 A cruel beast, of most accursed brood,
 Upon him turn'd (despair makes cowards stout)
 And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
 Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
 That it both bone and muscles lived quight. 120

So deadly was the dint, and deep the wound,
 And so huge streams of blood thereout did flow,
 That he endured not the direful sound,
 But on the cold dear earth himself did throw;
 The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend, 125
 And having none to lett, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while, his shepherd peers,
 To whom alive was nought so dear as he?
 And ye, fair Maids! the matches of his years,
 Which in his grace did boast you most to be? 130
 Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need
 To stop his wound, that wondrously did bleed?

Ah! wretched Boy! the shape of Dreryhead,
 And sad ensample of man's sudden end,
 Full little saileth but thou shalt be dead, 135
 Unpitied, unplain'd, of foe or friend.

Whilst none is nigh thine eye-hids up to close,
And kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds suing of the chase,
As they the forest ranged on a day; 140

By Fate or Fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckless boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepherds thither led.

They stopp'd his wound (too late to stop it was) 145
And in their arms then softly did him rear;

Tho (as he will'd) unto his loved lass,
His dearest love, him dolefully did bear :

The dolefullst bier that ever man did see
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto me. 150

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With cruddled blood and filthy gore deformed,

That wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her dear favours dearly well adorned,

Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see, 155
She likewise did deform, like him to be.

Her yellow locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beams in fairest summer's day,

She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away; 160

And her fair brest, the treasury of joy,
She spoyl'd thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid face, impictured with death;
 She bathed oft with tears, and dried oft;
 And with sweet kisses suck'd the wasting breath 165
 Out of his lips, like lillies, pale and soft;
 And oft she call'd to him, who answer'd nought,
 But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret
 And piteous mone the which she for him made, 170
 No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
 But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
 At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
 His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit, 175
 But after him did make untimely haste;
 Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
 And followed her mate, like turtle chaste,
 To prove that death their hearts cannot divide.
 Which living were in love so firmly tide. 180

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
 And pitying this pair of lovers true
 Transformed them there lying on the field,
 Into one flowre, that is both red and blue:
 It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade, 185
 Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.
 And in the midst thereof a star appears,
 As fairly form'd as any star in skeyes,

Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
 Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes; 190
 And all the day it standeth full of dew,
 Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some Starlight is call'd by name,
 Of others Penthia, though not so well;
 But thou, where ever thou dost find the same, 195
 From this day forth do call it Astrophel;
 And whensoever thou it up doost take,
 Do pluck it softly, for that Shepherd's sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did pass,
 The shepherds all, which loved him full dear, 200
 (And sure full dear of all he loved was)
 Did thrither flock, to see what they did hear;
 And when that piteous spectacle they view'd,
 The same with bitter tears they all bedew'd.

And every one did make exceeding mone, 205
 With inward anguish and great grief oppress;
 And every one did weep, and wall, and mone,
 And means devis'd to shew his sorrow best;
 That from that howre, since first on grassie green
 Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning seen. 210

But first his sister, that Clarinda hight,
 That gentlest Shepherdess that lives this day,
 And most resembling, both in shape and spright,
 Her brother dear, began this doleful lay;

Which, lest I mar the sweetness of the verse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

"Aye me! to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient grief?
Or where shall I unfold my inward pain,
That my eniven heart may find relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To Heavens? ah! they, alas! the authors were,
And workers, of my unremedied wo;
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill:
That which they made, who can them warn to spill?

To men? ah! they, alas! like wretched be,
And subject to the Heavens' ordinance,
Bound to abide whatever they decree;
Their best redress is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort me,
The which no less need comforted to be?

Then to my self will I my sorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like sorrowful remains,
And to my self my plaints shall back return,
To pay their usury with double pains:
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournful accent of my sorrows' ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
 Sith he is gone the which them all did grace;
 And all the fields do wail their widow state,
 Sith death their fairest flower did late deface:
 The fairest flowre in field that ever grew 245
 Was Astrophel; that was we all may rue.

What cruel hand of cursed foe unknown
 Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair a flowre?
 Untimely cropt, before it well were grown,
 And clean defaced in untimely howre: 250
 Great loss to all that ever him did see,
 Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

Break now your girlonds, O ye shepherds Lasses!
 Sith the fair flowre which them adorn'd is gone;
 The flowre which them adorn'd is gone to ashes, 255
 Never again let lasse put girlond on:
 In stead of girlond, wear sad cypress now,
 And bitter elder, broken from the bough.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made;
 Who ever made such layes of love as he? 260
 Ne ever read the riddles which he said
 Unto your selves, to make you merry glea:
 Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
 Your merry-maker now, alas! is dead.
 Death, the devourer of all world's delight, 265
 Hath robbed you, and rest from me my joy;

Both you and me, and all the world, he might;
 Hath robb'd of joyance, and left sad annoy,
 Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride, was he;
 Shepherds, hope never like again to see. 270

O Death! that hast us of such riches rest,
 Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done?
 What is become of him, whose flowre here left
 Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?
 Scarce like the shadow of that which he was, 275
 Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit, which was deckt
 With all the dowries of celestial grace,
 By sovereign choice from th' heavenly quires select,
 And lineally deriv'd from angels' race, 280
 O what is now of it become? aread:
 Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
 But lives for aye in blissful paradise,
 Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie 285
 In bed of lillies, wrapt in tender wise,
 And compast all about with roses sweet,
 And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
 To him do sweetly carol day and night, 290
 And with strange notes, of him well understood,
 Lull him asleep in angel-like delight;

Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure 295
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all measure;
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain :
For what so goodly form he there doth see
He may enjoy, from jealous rancor free. 300

There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,
Whilst we hear wretches wail his private lack, 305
And with vain vows do often call him back.

But live thou there still, happy, happy Spirit!
And give us leave thee here thus to lament;
Not thee that doost thy heaven's joy inherit,
But our own selves, that here in dole are drent. 310
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others our own miseries."

Which when she ended had, another swain,
Of gentle wit and dainty sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full dear did entertain 315
Whilst here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournful toun,
And made the Muses in his song to mourn.

And after him full many other moe,
 And every one in order lov'd him best, 320
 'Gan dight themselves t' express their inward woe
 With doleful layes, unto the time address;
 The which I here in order will rehearse,
 As fittest flowres to deck his mournful hearse. 324

He may enjoy, from jealous terrors free,
 For what so goodly form he there doth see
 Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain;

There lieth he in everlasting bliss,
 Sweet Spirit, never feeling more to die,
 No dreading harm from any sort of ill,
 No fearing savage beasts more cruel;
 Whilst we poor wretches wait his private lack,
 And with vain vows do often call him back.

But live thou thus still, happy, happy Spirit!
 And give us leave thus here to lament;
 Not thee that doest thy heavenly joy impart,
 But our own selves, that here in dole are drent. 330
 Thus do we weep and wail and weep our eyes,
 Mourning in others our own misery.

Which when he ended had, another strain,
 Of gentle wit and dainty sweet device,
 Whom Astrophel still dear did entertain,
 Whilst here he liv'd, and held in private place,
 Light Thelys, began his mournful train,
 And made the Muses in his story mourn.

THE MOURNING MUSE.

OF THESTYLIS.

COME forth, ye Nymphs! **come forth,**
 Forsake your watry bowres,
 Forsake your mossy caves,
 And help me to lament;
 Help me to tune my doleful notes
 To gurgling sound
 Of Liffie's tumbling streams:
 Come, let salt tears of ours
 Mix with his waters fresh:
 Come! let one consent
 Joyn us to mourn with wailful plaints:
 The deadly wound
 Which fatal clap hath made,
 Decreed by higher powres;
 The dreary day in which
 They have from us yrent
 The noblest plant that might
 From east to west be found,
 Mourn, mourn great Philip's fall!
 Mourn we his woeful end,
 Whom spiteful Death hath pluckt
 Untimely from the tree,
 Whiles yet his years in flowre
 Did promise worthy fruit.
 Ah! dreadful Mars! why didst
 Thou not thy knight defend?

What wrathful mood, what fault
 Of ours hath moved thee
 Of such a shining light
 To leave us destitute? 30
 Thou with benigne aspect
 Sometime didst us behold;
 Thou hast in Briton's valour
 Ta'en delight of old,
 And with thy presence oft 35
 Vouchsaf't to attribute
 Fame and renown to us
 For glorious martial deeds;
 But now thy ireful beams
 Have chill'd our hearts with cold; 40
 Thou hast estrang'd thy self,
 And deignest not our land:
 Far off, to others now
 Thy favour honour breeds,
 And high disdain doth cause 45
 Thee shun our clime, I fear;
 For hadst thou not been wroth,
 Or that time near at hand,
 Thou wouldst have heard the cry
 That woful England made; 50
 Eke Zealand's piteous plaints,
 And Holland's toren hair,
 Would haply have appeas'd
 Thy divine angry mind.
 Thou shouldst have seen the trees 55
 Refuse to yield their shade,

And wailing, to let fall,
 The honours of their head;
 And birds in mournful tunes
 Lamenting in their kind. 60
 Up from his tomb
 The mighty Corineus rose,
 Who cursing oft the Fates,
 That his mishap had bred,
 His hoary locks he tare,
 Calling the Heavens unkind. 65
 The Thames was heard to roar,
 The Reyne and eke the Mose,
 The Schald, the Danow self
 This great mischance did rue 70
 With torment and with grief;
 Their fountains pure and clear
 Were troubled, and with swelling floods
 Declar'd their woes. 75
 The Muses comfortless,
 The Nymphs with pallid hue,
 The sylvan gods likewise
 Came running far and near,
 And all with tears bedew'd,
 And eyes cast up on high, 80
 O help! O help! ye Gods!
 They ghastly 'gan to cry;
 O change the cruel fate
 Of this so rare a wight,
 And grant that Nature's course
 May measure out his age. 85

The beasts their food forsook,
 And trembling fearfully,
 Each sought his cave or den,
 This cry did them so fright, 90
 Out from amid the waves,
 By storm then stirr'd to rage,
 This cry did cause to rise
 Th' old Father Ocean hoar,
 Who, grave with eld, and full 95
 Of majesty in fight,
 Spake in this wise; "Refrain,"
 Quoth he, "your tears and plaints;
 "Cease these your idle words,
 "Make vain requests no more; 100
 "No humble speech nor mone
 "May move the fixed flint
 "Of Destiny or Death:
 "Such is his will that paints
 "The earth with colours fresh, 105
 "The darkest skyes with store
 "Of starry lights; and though
 "Your tears a heart of flint
 "Might tender make, yet nought
 "Herein they will prevail." 110
 Whiles thus he said,
 The noble knight, who 'gan to feel
 His vital force to faint,
 And Death with cruel dint
 Of direful dart 115
 His mortal body to assail,

With eyes lift up to heav'n,
 And courage frank as steel,
 With chearful face,
 Where valour lively was exprest,
 But humble mind, he said,
 " O Lord! if ought this frail
 " And earthly carcass have
 " Thy service fought t' advance;
 " If my desire hath been
 " Still to relieve th' opprest;
 " If justice to maintain,
 " That valour I have spent
 " Which thou me gav'st; or if
 " Henceforth I might advance
 " Thy name, thy truth, then spare
 " Me (Lord!) if thou think best;
 " Forbear these unripe years:
 " But if thy will be bent,
 " If that prefixed time
 " Be come which thou hast set,
 " Through pure and fervent faith
 " I hope now to be plac'd
 " In th' everlasting bliss
 " Which with thy precious blood
 " Thou purchase did for us."
 With that a sigh he fet,
 And straight a cloudy mist
 His senses over-cast;
 His lips waxt pale and wan,
 Like damask roses' bud

Cast from the stalk, or like
 In field to purple flowre,
 Which languisheth, being shred
 By culter as it past.
 A trembling chilly cold
 Ran through their veins, which were
 With eyes brim-full of tears
 To see his fatal howre,
 Whose blustering sighs at first
 Their sorrow did declare;
 Next murmuring ensude:
 At last they not forbear
 Plain out-cries, all against
 The Heav'ns, that enviously
 Depriv'd us of a spright
 So perfect and so rare.
 The sun his lightsom beams
 Did shroud, and hide his face
 For grief, whereby the earth
 Fear'd night eternally:
 The mountains each were shook;
 The rivers turn'd their streams;
 And th' air 'gan winter-like
 To rage and fret apace;
 And grisly ghosts by night
 Were seen, and fiery gleams
 Amids the clouds, with claps
 Of thunder, that did seem
 To rent the skies, and made
 Both man and beast afeard.

'The birds of ill presage
 This luckless chance fore-told
 By dearnful noise, and dogs
 With howling made men deem 180
 Some mischief was at hand,
 For such they do esteem
 As tokens of mishap,
 And so have done of old.
 Ah! that thou hadst but heard 185
 His lovely Stella 'plain
 Her grievous loss, or seen
 Her heavy mourning cheer,
 While she with woe oppress'd
 Her sorrows did unfold : 190
 Her hair hung loose neglect
 About her shoulders twain ;
 And from those two bright stars,
 To him sometime so dear,
 Her heart sent drops of pearl, 195
 Which fell in foyson down
 Twixt lilly and the rose :
 She wrong her hands with pain,
 And piteously 'gan say,
 " My true and faithfull Pheer, 200
 " Alas ! and woe is me !
 " Why should my fortune frown
 " On me thus frowardly,
 " To rob me of my joy ?
 " What cruell envious hand 205
 " Hath taken thee away,

- " And with thee my content,
 " My comfort and my stay?
 " Thou only wast the ease
 " Of trouble and annoy;
 " When they did me assail,
 " In thee my hopes did rest;
 " Alas! what now is left
 " But grief, that night and day
 " Afflicts this woful life,
 " And with continual rage
 " Torments ten thousand ways
 " My miserable brest?
 " O greedy envious Heav'n!
 " What needeth thee to have
 " Enrich'd with such a jewel
 " This unhappy age,
 " To take it back again
 " So soon? Alas! when shall
 " Mine eyes see ought that may
 " Content them, since the grave
 " My only treasure hides,
 " The joys of my poor heart?
 " As here with thee on earth
 " I liv'd, ev'n so equal
 " Methinks it were with thee
 " In heav'n I did abide;
 " And as our troubles all
 " We here on earth did part,
 " So reason would that there
 " Of thy most happy state

" I had my share. Alas!
 " If thou my trusty guide
 " Were wont to be, how canst
 " Thou leave me thus alone
 " In darkness, and astray?
 " Weak, weary, desolate,
 " Plung'd in a world of woe,
 " Refusing for to take
 " Me with thee to the place
 " Of rest where thou art gone."
 This said, she held her peace,
 For sorrow tide her tongue,
 And instead of more words,
 Seem'd that her eyes a lake
 Of tears had been, they flow'd
 So plenteously thereto;
 And with her sobs and sighs
 Th' air round about her rung.
 If Venus, when she wail'd
 Her dear Adonis slain,
 Ought mov'd in thy fierce heart
 Compassion of her woe,
 His noble sister's plaints,
 Her sighs and tears among,
 Would sure have made thee mild,
 And inly rue her pain.
 Aurora half so fair
 Her self did never show,
 When from old Tithon's bed
 She weeping did arise.

The blinded Archer-boy,
 Like lark in showre of rain,
 Sate bathing of his wings,
 And, glad, the time did spend 270
 Under those chrystal drops
 Which fell from her fair eyes,
 And at their brightest beams
 Him proyn'd in lovely wife:
 Yet sorry for her grief,
 Which he could not amend, 275
 The gentle boy 'gan wipe
 Her eyes, and clear those lights,
 Those lights through which
 His glory and his conquests shine. 280
 The Graces tuckt her hair,
 Which hung like threds of gold
 Along her ivory brest,
 The treasure of delights.
 All things with her to weep 285
 It seemed did incline;
 The trees, the hills, the dales,
 The caves, the stones so cold;
 The air did help them mourn,
 With dark cloudes, rain and mist, 290
 Forbearing many a day
 To clear itself again,
 Which made them eftsoons fear
 The days of Pyrrha should
 Of creatures spoil the earth, 295
 Their fatal threds untwist;

For Phœbus' gladſom rays
 Were wiſhed for in vain;
 And with her quivering light
 Latona's daughter fair,
 And Charles-Wain eke, refus'd
 To be the ſhipman's guide.
 On Neptune war was made
 By Æolus and his train,
 Who letting looſe the winds,
 Toſt and tormented th' air;
 So that on ev'ry coaſt
 Men ſhipwrack did abide,
 Or elſe were ſwallow'd up
 In open ſea with waves;
 And ſuch as came to ſhore
 Were beaten with deſpair.
 The Medway's ſilver ſtreams,
 That wont ſo ſtill to ſlide,
 Were troubled now and wroth,
 Whoſe hidden hollow caves
 Along his banks, with fog
 Then ſhrouded from man's eye,
 Ay Philip! did reſound,
 Ay Philip! they did cry.
 His nymphs were ſeen no more,
 (Though cuſtom ſtill it craves)
 With hair ſpred to the wind,
 Themſelves to bathe or ſport,
 Or with the hook or net,
 Bare-footed, wantonly

The pleasant dainty fish
 To entangle or deceive.
 The shepherds left
 Their wonted places of resort, 330
 Their bagpipes now were still;
 Their loving merry lays
 Were quite forgot; and now
 Their flocks, men might perceive
 To wander and to stray, 335
 All carelessly neglect;
 And in the stead of mirth
 And pleasure nights and days,
 Nought else was to be heard
 But woes, complaints, and mone. 340
 But thou (O blessed Soul!)
 Dost haply not respect
 These tears we shed, though full
 Of loving pure aspect;
 Having affix'd thine eye 345
 On that most glorious throne,
 Where, full of majesty,
 The high Creator reigns,
 In whose bright shining face
 Thy joys are all complete, 350
 Whose love kindles thy spright;
 Where happy always one
 Thou liv'st in bliss
 That earthly passion never stains;
 Where from the purest spring 355
 The sacred nectar sweet

Is thy continual drink;
 Where thou dost gather now
 Of well employed life
 Th' inestimable gains; 360
 Where Venus on thee smiles,
 Apollo gives thee place,
 And Mars in reverent wise
 Doth to thy vertue bow,
 And decks his fiery spear 365
 To do thee honour most:
 In highest part whereof,
 Thy valour for to grace,
 A chair of gold he sets
 To thee, and there doth tell 370
 Thy noble acts anew,
 Whereby even they that boast
 Themselves of ancient fame,
 As Pyrrhus, Hannibal,
 Scipio, and Cæsar, with 375
 The rest that did excel
 In martial prowess, high
 Thy glory do admire.
 All hail! therefore,
 O worthy Philip immortal! 380
 The flowre of Sydney's race!
 The honour of thy name!
 Whose worthy praise to sing
 My Muses not aspire;
 But, sorrowful and sad, 385
 These tears to thee let fall,

Yet wish their verses might ;
 So far and wide thy fame
 Extend, that envy's rage
 Nor time might end the same :*

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* After the preceding poem there follows, in the edition by Mr. Hughes, an advertisement in these words; "The poems which follow are by different hands, but being written on the same subject, it is thought proper to add them here."—The poems referred to by this advertisement are four in number, viz. A pastoral Eglogue upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney, Kt.; An Elegy, or Friend's Passion, for his Astrophel, written upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney; together with two Epitaphs upon the same illustrious character.—But as these poems are confessedly not Spenser's, and not even conspicuous for poetical merit, it is hoped, however interesting the subject, they are with propriety ejected from this edition of Spenser, which means to comprehend the genuine poems of that Author alone.

Feb. 1778.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

To the right honourable

THE LADY STRANGE.

MOST brave and noble Lady! the things that make ye so much honoured of the world as ye be, are such as (without my simple lines' testimony) are thoroughly known to all men, namely, your excellent beauty, your vertuous behaviour, and your noble match with that most honourable lord, the very pattern of right nobility: but the causes for which ye have deserved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinity which it hath pleased your Ladyship to acknowledge; of which whenas I found my self in no part worthy, I devised this last slender means, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladyship, and also to make the same universally known to the world, that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honour you.

Vouchsafe, noble Lady! to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladyship's good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyship's humbly ever,

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

REHERSE to me, ye sacred Sisters Nine!
The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowful sad time
Which late you poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicone,
Making your musick of heart-breaking mone:

For since the time that Phœbus' foolish son
Ythundered, through Jove's avengeful wrath,
For traversing the charret of the sun
Beyond the compass of the pointed path, 10
Of you his mournful sisters was lamented,
Such mournful tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that fair Calliope did lose
Her loved twins, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes, 15
The Fatal Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewail long space,
Was ever heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noises
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound, 20
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voices
Were wont redoubled ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rueful cries,
Add yelling shrieks thrown up into the skies.

The trembling streams, which wont in channels clear
To rumble gently down with murmur soft, 26
And were by them right tuneful taught to bear
A base's part amongst their consorts oft,
Now forc'd to overflow with brackish tears,
With troublous noise did dull their dainty ears. 30

The joyous Nymphs and light-foot Fairies,
Which thither came to hear their musick sweet,
And to the measures of their melodies
Did learn to move their nimble-shifting feet,
Now hearing them so heavily lament, 33
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that else was wont to work delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that else seem'd fair and fresh in sight,
So made by Nature for to serve their will, 40
Was turned now to dismal heaviness,
Was turned now to dreadful ugliness.

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all things breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What fury or what fiend, with felon deeds, 45
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?
Can grief then enter into heavenly hearts,
And pierce immortal breasts with mortal smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom only it concerns,
To me those secret causes to display, 50

For none but you, or who of you it learns,
 Can rightfully aréad so doleful lay,
 Begin, thou eldest sister of the crew,
 And let the rest in order thee ensue.

CLIO, golden voice, proceed
 And with their noble race to grace

HEAR, thou great Father of the gods on high, 55
 That most art dreaded for thy thunder-darts,
 And thou our sire, that reign'st in Castalie,
 And Mount Parnass, the god of goodly art;
 Hear and behold the miserable state
 Of us thy daughters, doleful desolate. 60

Behold the foul reproach and open shame
 The which is day by day unto us wrought,
 By such as hate the honour of our name,
 The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
 They, not contented us themselves to scorn, 65
 Do seek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly dust,
 The sons of Darkness and of Ignorance,
 But they whom thou, great Jove, by doom unjust,
 Didst to the type of honour earst advance; 70
 They now, puffed up with 'sdeignful insolence,
 Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestial skill,
 That wont to be the world's chief ornament,
 And learned imps that wont to shoot up still, 75
 And grow to height of kingdoms' government,

They under keep, and with their spreading arms
Do beat their buds, that perish through their harms.

It most behoves the honourable race
Of mighty peers true wisdom to sustain, 80
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned foreheads without gift or gain;
Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be,
That is the girlond of nobility.

But (ah!) all otherwise they do esteem 85
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdom's influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deem;
Base minded they that want intelligence;
For God himself for wisdom most is prais'd,
And men to God thereby are nighest rais'd. 90

But they do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride and foolish vanity;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
And only boast of arms and ancestry;
But vertuous deeds, which did those arms first give 95
To their grandfires, they care not to atchieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profess
To register, and sound in trump of gold,
Through their bad doings or base slothfulness
Find nothing worthy to be writ or told; 100
For better far it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
 Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,
 And all that in this world is worthy light
 Shall die in darkness, and lie hid in slime;
 Therefore I mourn with deep heart's sorrowing,
 Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With that she rain'd such store of streaming tears,
 That could have made a stony heart to weep,
 And all her sisters rent their golden hairs,
 And their fair faces with salt humour steep.
 So ended she; and then the next in row
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

O who shall pour into my swollen eyes
 A sea of tears that never may be dride!
 A brazen voice, that may with shrilling cries
 Pierce the dull heavens, and fill the air so wide!
 And iron sides, that sighing may endure,
 To wail the wretchedness of world impure? 120

Ah! wretched World! the den of wickedness,
 Deform'd with filth and foul iniquity;
 Ah! wretched World! the house of heaviness,
 Fill'd with the wrecks of mortal misery;
 Ah! wretched World! and all that is therein,
 The vassals of God's wrath, and slaves of sin. 125

Most miserable creature under sky
 Man without understanding doth appear,

For all this world's affliction he thereby,
And Fortune's freaks, is wisely taught to bear; 130
Of wretched life the only joy she is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She arms the breast with constant patience
Against the bitter throws of Dolour's darts;
She solaceth with rules of sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smarts :
When he is sad, she seeks to make him merry,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be weary.

But he that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay, 140
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Withouten helm or pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event;
So is the man that wants intendment.

Why then do foolish men so much despise
The precious store of this celestial riches?
Why do they banish us, that patronize
The name of Learning? Most unhappy wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchedness,
Yet do not see their own unhappiness.

My part it is, and my profess'd skill,
The stage with tragick buskins to adorn,
And fill the scene with plaints and outcries shrill
Of wretched persons to misfortune born;

But none more tragick matter I can find
Than this, of men depriv'd of sense and mind.

For all man's life me seems a tragedy
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes;
First coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his days, like dolorous trophees,
Are heapt with spoils of fortune and of fear,
And he at last laid forth on baleful bier.

So all with rueful spectacles is fill'd,
Fit for Megæra or Persephone,
But I, that in true tragedies am skill'd,
The flowre of wit, find nought to busy me,
Therefore I mourn and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I have none.

Then 'gan she woefully to wail, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise;
And all her sisters thereto answering,
Threw forth loud shrieks and dreary doleful cries.
So rested she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

THALIA.

WHERE be the sweet delights of learning's treasure,
That wont with comick sock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure
The listners' eyes and ears with melody,
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?

Q! all is gone; and all that goodly Glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to see,
And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow brows and griesly countenance 185
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him besides sits ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of drad darkness of the deep abyss,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate :
They in the minds of men now tyrannize, 191
And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.

All places they with folly have possest,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain,
But me have banished, with all the rest 195
That whilom wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfessance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly fort.

All these, and all that else the comick stage
With season'd wit and goodly pleasure grac'd, 200
By which man's life, in his likest image,
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd ;
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despis'd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made 205
To mock her self, and truth to imitate,

With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent. 210

In stead thereof, scoffing Scurrility,
And scorning Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rimes of shameless ribandry
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make, 215
And doth the learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw, 220
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to mockery to sell.

So am I made the servant of the many,
And laughing-stock of all that list to scorn,
Not honored nor cared for of any, 225
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorn;
Therefore I mourn and sorrow with the rest,
Until my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she loudly did lament and shriek,
Pouring forth streams of tears abundantly, 230
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.

So rested she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

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EUTERPE.

LIKE as the dearling of the summer's pride, 235
Fair Philomele! when winter's stormy wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dy'd
In colours divers, quite despoiled hath,
All comfortless doth hide her cheerless head
During the time of that her widowhead; 240

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilst favourable times did us afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charms at will,
All comfortless upon the bared bow, 245
Like woful culvers, do sit wailing now.

For far more bitter storm than winter's shower,
The beauty of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so fair to flower,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted; 250
And those young plants, which wont with fruit abound,
Now without fruit or leaves are to be found.

A stony coldness hath benumb'd the sense
And lively spirits of each living wight,
And dimm'd with darkness their intelligence, 255
Darkness more than Cimmerians' daily night;
And monstrous Error, flying in the air,
Hath marr'd the face of all that seemed fair.

Image of hellish Horror, Ignorance,
 Born in the bosom of the black abyss, 260
 And fed with Furies' milk for sustenance
 Of his weak infancy, begot amiss
 By yawning Sloth on his own mother Night,
 So he his sons both sire and brother hight : 264

He, arm'd with blindness and with boldness stout,
 (For blind is bold) hath our fair light defaced,
 And gathering unto him a ragged rout
 Of Fauns and Satyrs, hath our dwellings raced,
 And our chaste bowers, in which all vertue reign'd,
 With brutishness and beastly filth hath stain'd. 270

The sacred springs of horse-foot Helicon,
 So oft bedewed with our learned layes,
 And speaking streams of pure Castalion,
 The famous witness of our wonted praise, 274
 They trampled have with their foul footings' tread,
 And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with pains,
 That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
 And arbours sweet, in which the shepherds' swains
 Were wont so oft their pastorals to sing, 280
 They have cut down, and all their pleasure marr'd,
 That now no pastoral is to be heard.

In stead of them, foul goblins and shriek-owls,
 With fearful howling do all places fill,

And feeble Eccho now laments and howls;
The dreadful accents of their out-cries shrill;
So all is turned into wilderness,
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppress.

And I, whose joy was erst with spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits, now dismay'd with sorrow dull,
Do mone my misery with silence soft;
Therefore I mourn and wail incessantly,
Till please th' Heavens afford me remedy:
Therewith she wailed with exceeding wo,
And piteous lamentation did make;

And all her sisters seeing her do so,
With equal plaints her sorrow did partake.
So rested she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint; as doth ensue.

TERPSICHORE.
Whoso hath in the lap of soft Delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with pleasure sweet,
Fearless through his own fault or Fortune's spite
To tumble into sorrow and regret,
Of chance him fall into calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his misery.

So we, that erst in joyance did abound,
And in the bosom of all bliss did sit,
Like virgin queens, with laurel garlands crown'd,
For vertue's meed and ornament of wit,

Sith Ignorance our kingdom did confound,
Be now become most wretched wights on ground.

And in our royal thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood, 315

By him begotten of foul Infamy;
Blind Error, scornful Folly, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong that we should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merry with their fooleries; 320

They cheerly chant, and rimes at random fling,
The fruitful spawn of their rank fantasies :

They feed the ears of fools with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

All places they do with their toys possess, 325

And reign in liking of the multitude;

The schools they fill with fond new-fangleness,

And sway in court with pride and rashness rude :

'Mongst simple shepherds they do boast their skill,

And say their musick matcheth Phoebus' quill. 330

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,

And tell their prince that learning is but vain;

Fair ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,

And gentle minds with leud delights distain :

Clerks they to loathly idleness intice, 335

And fill their books with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule and tyrannize,
 For their usurped kingdom's maintenance,
 The whiles we silly maids, whom they despize,
 And with reprobachful scorn discountenance, 340
 From our own native heritage exil'd,
 Walk through the world, of every one revil'd.

Nor any one doth care to call us in,
 Or once vouchsafeth us to entertain,
 Unless some one, perhaps of gentle kin, 345
 For pities sake compassion our pain,
 And yield us some relief in this distress;
 Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchedness.

So wander we all careful comfortless,
 Yet none doth care to comfort us at all; 350
 So seek we help our sorrow to redress,
 Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call;
 'Therefore we mourn and pitiless complain,
 Because none living pitieth our pain.

With that she wept and wofully lamented, 355
 That nought on earth her grief might pacify,
 And all the rest her doleful din augmented
 With shrieks, and groans, and grievous agony.
 So ended she; and then the next in row
 Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensue. 360

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits! breathing from above,
 Where ye in Venus' silver bowre were bred,

Thoughts half divine, full of the fire of love,
 With beauty kindled, and with pleasure fed,
 Which ye now in security possess, 365
 Forgetful of your former heaviness;

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
 With which ye use your loves to deify,
 And blazon forth an earthly beauty's praise
 Above the compass of the arched sky: 370
 Now change your praises into piteous cries,
 And eulogies turn into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter sounds
 Of raging love first 'gan you to torment, 374
 And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
 Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
 Before your loves did take you unto grace;
 Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I, that rule in measure moderate
 The tempest of that stormy passion, 380
 And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
 Of lover's life in likest fashion,
 Am put from practise of my kindly skill,
 Banish'd by those that love with lewdness fill.

Love wont to be school-master of my skill, 385
 And the deviceful matter of my song;
 Sweet Love! devoid of villany or ill,
 But pure and spotless, as at first he sprong

Out of th' Almighty's bosom, where he nests,
From thence infused into mortal breasts. 390

Such high conceit of that celestial fire,
The base-born brood of Blindness cannot ghes,
Ne never dare their dunghil thoughts aspire
Unto so lofty pitch of perfectness,
But rime at riot, and do rage in love, 395
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Fair Cytheree! the mother of Delight,
And queen of Beauty, now thou may'st go pack,
For lo! thy kingdom is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack; 400
And thy gay son, the winged god of Love,
May now go prune his plumes like ruffed dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus brought,
The sweet companions of the Muses late,
From whom what-ever thing is goodly thought, 405
Doth borrow grace, the fancy to aggrate,
Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more
Find entertainment or in court or school; 410
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learned's meed, is now lent to the fool:
He sings of love, and maketh loving lays,
And they him hear, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish flood 415
 Of bitter tears, and made exceeding mone;
 And all her sisters seeing her sad mood,
 With loud laments her answer'd all at one.
 So ended she; and then the next in row
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue. 420

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evil case complain,
 Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
 Sith none is left to remedy my pain,
 Or deigns to pity a perplexed heart,
 But rather seeks my sorrow to augment 425
 With foul reproach and cruel banishment?

For they to whom I used to apply
 The faithful service of my learned skill,
 The goodly off-spring of Jove's progeny,
 That wont the world with famous acts to fill, 430
 Whose living praises in heroick stile
 It is my chief profession to compile;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
 That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
 Or through unnoble sloth or sinful crime, 435
 That doth degenerate the noble race,
 Have both desire of worthy deeds forlorn,
 And name of learning utterly do scorn.

Ne do they care to have the auncestry
 Of th' old heroes memoriz'd anew; 440

Out of th' Almighty's bosom, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortal breasts. 390

Such high conceit of that celestial fire,
The base-born brood of Blindness cannot ghes,
Ne never dare their dunghil thoughts aspire
Unto so lofty pitch of perfectness,
But rime at riot, and do rage in love, 395
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Fair Cytheree! the mother of Delight,
And queen of Beauty, now thou may'st go pack,
For lo! thy kingdom is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack; 400
And thy gay son, the winged god of Love,
May now go prune his plumes like ruffed dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus brought,
The sweet companions of the Muses late,
From whom what-ever thing is goodly thought, 405
Doth borrow grace, the fancy to aggrate,
Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more
Find entertainment or in court or school; 410
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learned's meed, is now lent to the fool:
He sings of love, and maketh loving lays,
And they him hear, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish flood 415
 Of bitter tears, and made exceeding mone;
 And all her sisters seeing her sad mood,
 With loud laments her answer'd all at one.
 So ended she; and then the next in row
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue. 420

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evil case complain,
 Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
 Sith none is left to remedy my pain,
 Or deigns to pity a perplexed heart,
 But rather seeks my sorrow to augment 425
 With foul reproach and cruel banishment?

For they to whom I used to apply
 The faithful service of my learned skill,
 The goodly off-spring of Jove's progeny,
 That wont the world with famous acts to fill, 430
 Whose living praises in heroick stile
 It is my chief profession to compile;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
 That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
 Or through unnoble sloth or sinful crime, 435
 That doth degenerate the noble race,
 Have both desire of worthy deeds forlorn,
 And name of learning utterly do scorn.

Ne do they care to have the auncestry
 Of th' old heroes memoriz'd anew; 440

Ne do they care that late posterity
Should know their names, or speak their praises due,
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shall be forgot ere long.

What boots it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bred? 445

What odds 'twixt Irus and old Inachus,
'Twixt best and worst, when both alike are ded,
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake? 450

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill, 455
None would chuse goodness of his own free-will.

Therefore the Nurse of Vertue I am hight,
And Golden Trumpet of eternity,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heaven's height,
And mortal men have power to deify : 460
Bacchus and Hercules I rais'd to heaven,
And Charlemain amongst the starris seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more,
Sith I no more find worthy to commend 465
For prize of value, or for learned lore;
For noble peers whom I was wont to raise,
Now only seek for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
 They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
 And the rich fee which poets wont divide, 471
 Now parasites and sycophants do share;
 Therefore I mourn and endless sorrow make,
 Both for my self and for my sisters' sake.

With that she loudly 'gan to wail and shrike, 475
 And from her eyes a sea of tears did poure,
 And all her sisters, with compassion like,
 Did more increase the sharpness of her showre.
 So ended she; and then the next in row
 Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue. 480

URANIA.

WHAT wrath of gods, or wicked influence
 Of stars, conspiring wretched men t'afflict,
 Hath pour'd on earth this noxious pestilence,
 That mortal minds doth inwardly infect
 With love of blindness and of ignorance, 485
 To dwell in darkness without soverance?

What difference 'twixt man and beast is left,
 When th' heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
 And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
 Then wandreth he in error and in doubt, 490
 Unweeting of the danger he is in,
 Through fleshes frailty and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
 It is the only comfort which they have,

It is their light, their load-star, and their day; 493
 But hell, and darkness, and the grisly grave,
 Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
 That minds of men born heavenly doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the World's creation;
 How in his cradle first he fostred was, 500
 And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
 How things she formed of a formless mass;
 By knowledge we do learn our selves to know,
 And what to man, and what to God, we owe.

From hence we mount aloft into the sky, 505
 And look into the crystal firmament;
 There we behold the heaven's great hierarchy,
 The stars' pure light, the spheres' swift movement,
 The spirits and intelligences fair,
 And angels waiting on th' Almighty's chair. 510

And there, with humble mind and high insight,
 Th' Eternal Maker's majesty we view,
 His love, his truth, his glory, and his might,
 And mercy, more than mortal men can view.
 O sovereign Lord! O sovereign happiness,
 To see thee and thy mercy measureless! 515

Such happiness have they that do embrace
 The precepts of my heavenly discipline;
 But shame and sorrow, and accursed case,
 Have they that scorn the school of arts divine, 520
 And banish me, which do possess the skill
 To make men heavenly-wise through humbled will.

However yet they me despise and spight,
 I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,
 And please my self with mine own-self delight,
 In contemplation of things heavenly wrought;
 So loathing earth I look up to the sky,
 And being driven hence, I thither fly.

Thence I behold the misery of men,
 Which want the bliss that wisdom would them breed,
 And like brute beasts do lie in loathsome den
 Of ghostly darkness and of ghastly dreed;
 For whom I mourn, and for my self complain,
 And for my sisters eke, whom they disdain.
 With that she wept and wail'd so piteously,
 As if her eyes had been two springing wells;
 And all the rest, her sorrow to supply,
 Did throw forth shrieks, and cries, and drowsy yells.
 So ended she, and then the next in row
 Began her mournful plaint, as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFUL case desires a doleful song,
 Without vain art or curious complements,
 And squalid fortune into baseness flung,
 Doth scorn the pride of wonted ornaments:
 Then fittest are these ragged rimes for me,
 To tell my sorrows, that exceeding be.
 For the sweet numbers and melodious measures
 With which I wont the winged words to ty,

And make a tuneful diapase of pleasures,
 Now being let to run at liberty
 By those which have no skill to rule them right,
 Have now quite lost their natural delight.

Heaps of huge words uphoorded hideously,
 With horrid sound, though having little sense,
 They think to be chief praise of poetry,
 And thereby wanting due intelligence,
 Have marr'd the face of goodly Poësie,
 And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might profess,
 But princes and high priests, that secret skill;
 The sacred laws therein they wont express,
 And with deep oracles their verses fill;
 Then was she held in sovereign dignity,
 And made the nourishing of nobility.

But now nor prince nor priest doth her maintain,
 But suffer her prophaned for to be
 Of the base vulgar, that with hands unclean
 Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie,
 And treadeth under foot her holy things,
 Which was the care of keſars and of kings.

One only lives, her age's ornament,
 And mirror of her Maker's majesty,
 That with rich bounty and dear cherishment,
 Supports the praise of noble Poësie;

Ne only favours them which it profess,
But is her self a peerless poetress. 575

Most peerless prince, most peerless poetress!
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Eliza, sacred emperess!
Hive she for ever, and her royal places 580
Be fill'd with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heavenly writs.

Some few beside this sacred skill esteem,
Admirers of her glorious excellence,
Which being lightned with her beauty's beam, 585
Are thereby fill'd with happy influence,
And lifted up above the worldes gaze,
To sing with angels her immortal praise.

But all the rest, as born of salvage brood,
And having been with acorns always fed, 590
Can no whit savour this celestial food,
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsom day,
For whom I wail and weep all that I may.

Eftsoons such store of tears she forth did powre, 595
As if she all to water would have gone,
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep, and wail, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did break;
The rest, untold, no living tongue can speak. 600

THE RUINES OF ROME.

BY BELLAY.

YE heavenly Spirits! whose ashy cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls oppress,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your fair verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voice of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deep abyſſes open rive,
That ye may underſtand my ſhrieking yell.
Thrice having ſeen under the heaven's veil
Your tombs' devoted compaſs over all,
Thrice unto you with loud voice I appeal,
And for your antique fury here do call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glory, faireſt of all earthly thing.

II.

Great Babylon her haughty walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot up in air;
Greece will the old Ephelian buildings blaze,
And Nylus' nurſlings their pyramids fair;
The ſame yet vaunting Greece will tell the ſtory
Of Jove's great image in Olympus placed,
Mauſolus' work will be the Carians' glory,
And Crete will boaſt the Labyrinth now raced;
The antique Rhodian will likewise ſet forth
The great Coloſs, ereſt to memory;
And what elſe in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnify:
But I will ſing, above all monuments,
Seven Roman hills, the world's ſeven wonderments.

III.

Thou Stranger! which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
 And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all, 30
 These same old walls, old arches, which thou see'st,
 Old palaces, is that which Rome men call.
 Behold what wreck, what ruine, and what waste,
 And how that she, which with her mighty powre
 Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her self at last, 35
 The prey of Time, which all things doth devour.
 Rome now of Rome is th' only funerall,
 And only Rome of Rome hath victory;
 Ne ought save Tyber, hastning to his fall,
 Remains of all. O world's inconstancy! 40
 That which is firm doth sit and fall away,
 And that is sitting doth abide and slay.

IV.

She, whose high top above the stars did sore,
 One foot on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
 One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More, 45
 Both heaven and earth in roundness compassing;
 Jove fearing lest if she should greater grow,
 The giants old should once again uprise,
 Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hills, which be now
 Tombs of her greatness, which did threat the skies:
 Upon her head be heapt Mount Saturnal, 51
 Upon her belly th' antique Palatine,
 Upon her stomach laid Mount Quirinal,
 On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
 And Cælian on the right; but both her feet 55
 Mount Viminal and Aventine do meet.

VII.

Who lists to see what ever Nature, Art,
 And Heaven could do, O Rome! thee let him see,
 In case thy greatness he can guess in heart,
 By that which but the picture is of thee.
 Rome is no more; but if the shade of Rome
 May of the body yield a seeming light,
 It's like a corse drawn forth out of the tomb
 By magick skill out of eternal night:
 The corps of Rome in ashes is entomb'd,
 And her great spirit, rejoyned to the spirit
 Of this great mass, is in the same enwomb'd;
 But her brave writings, which her famous merit
 In spite of time, out of the dust doth rear,
 Do make her idol through the world appear.

VI.

Such as the Berecynthian goddess bright,
 In her swift charret, with high turrets crown'd,
 Proud that so many gods she brought to light,
 Such was this city in her good days found;
 This city, more than that great Phrygian mother,
 Renown'd for fruit of famous progeny,
 Whose greatness, by the greatness of none other,
 But by her self her equal match could see:
 Rome only might to Rome compared be,
 And only Rome could make great Rome to tremble;
 So did the gods by heavenly doom decree
 That other earthly powre should not resemble
 Her that did match the whole earth's puissance,
 And did her courage to the heavens advance.

VII.

Ye sacred Ruines! and ye tragick Sights! 85
 Which only do the name of Rome retain,
 Old monuments, which of so famous sprights
 The honour yet in ashes do maintain;
 Triumphant arks, spyres neighbours to the skye,
 That you to see doth th' heaven it self appall, 90
 Alas! by little ye to nothing fly,
 The peoples fable and the spoil of all;
 And though your frames do for a time make war
 'Gainst Time, yet Time in-time shall ruinate
 Your works and names, and your last reliques mar.
 My sad desires rest therefore moderate; 96
 For if that time make end of thing so sure,
 It als will end the pain which I endure.

VIII.

Through arms and vassals Rome the world subdu'd;
 That one would ween that one sole city's strength
 Both land and sea in roundness had surview'd; 103
 To be the measure of her breadth and length:
 This people's vertue yet so fruitful was
 Of vertuous nephews, that posterity,
 Striving in powre their grand-fathers to pass, 105
 The lowest earth joyn'd to the heavens high,
 To th' end that having all parts in their powre,
 Nought from the Roman empire might be quight,
 And that though Time doth common-wealths devour,
 Yet no time should so low embase their hight, 110
 That her head earth'd in her foundation deep,
 Should not her name and endless honour keep.

IXI

Ye cruel stars! and eke ye gods unkind!
 Heaven envious! and bitter stepdame Nature!
 Be it by fortune or by course of kind
 That ye do wield th' affairs of earthly creature;
 Why have your hands long sithence travailed
 To frame this world that doth endure so long?
 Or why were not these Roman palaces
 Made of some matter no less firm and strong?
 I say not, as the common voice doth say,
 That all things which beneath the moon have being
 Are temporal, and subject to decay;
 But I say rather, though not all agreeing
 With some that woe the contrary in thought,
 That all this Whole shall one day come to nought.

XII

As that brave son of Aëon, which by charms
 Achiev'd the Golden Fleece in Colchid land,
 Out of the earth engendred men of arms
 Of dragon's teeth, sown in the sacred sand;
 So this brave town, that in her youthly days
 An hydra was of warriors glorious,
 Did fill with her renowned nourling's praise
 The fiery sun's both one and other house;
 But they at last, there being then not living
 An Hercules, so rank feed to repress,
 Amongst themselves with cruel fury striving,
 Mow'd down themselves with slaughter merciless,
 Renewing in themselves that rage unkind
 Which whilom did those earth-born brethren blind.

XLX

Mars, shaming to have given so great head 141
 To his off-spring, that mortal puissance
 Pust up with pride of Roman hardyhed,
 Seem'd above Heaven's powre it self t' advaunte,
 Cooling again his former kindled heat, 145
 With which he had those Roman spirits fill'd,
 Did blow new fire, and with enflamed breath
 Into the Gotlick cold hot rage instill'd;
 Then 'gan that nation, th' earth's new giants brood,
 To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of war, 150
 And beating down these walls with furious mood
 Into her mother's bosom, all did mar,
 To th' end that none, all were it Jove his fire,
 Should boast himself of the Romane empire.

XII.

Like as whilom the children of the earth 155
 Heapt hills on hills, to scale the starry skye,
 And fight against the gods of heavenly birth,
 Whiles Jove at them his thunder-bolts let flye;
 All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
 The furious squadrons down to ground did fall, 160
 That th' earth under her children's weight did grone,
 And th' heavens in glory triumpht over all;
 So did that haughty front which heaped was
 On these seven Roman hills it self uprear
 Over the world, and lift her lofty face 165
 Against the heaven, that 'gan her force to fear;
 But now the scorried fields bemone her fall,
 And gods secure fear not her force at all.

XIII.

Not the swift fury of the flames aspiring,
 Nor the deep wounds of victors' raging blade, 170
 Nor ruthless spoil of souldiers blood-desiring,
 The which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest made;
 Ne stroke on stroke of Fortune variable,
 Ne rust of age hating continuance,
 Nor wrath of gods, nor spight of men unstable, 175
 Nor thou oppos'd 'gainst thine own puissance;
 Nor th' horrible uprore of winds high blowing,
 Nor swelling streams of that god snaky-paced,
 Which hath so often with his overflowing
 Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abased, 180
 But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
 Makes the world wonder what they from thee rest.

XIV.

As men in summer fearless pass the foord,
 Which is in winter lord of all the plain,
 And with his tumbling streams doth bear aboard 185
 The ploughman's hope and shepherd's labour vain;
 And as the coward beasts use to despise
 The noble lyon after his live's end,
 Whetting their teeth, and with vain fool-hardise
 Daring the foe that cannot him defend; 190
 And as at Troy most dastards of the Greeks
 Did brave about the corps of Hector cold;
 So those which whilom went with pallid cheeks
 The Roman triumphs' glory to behold,
 Now on these ashie tombs shew boldness vain, 195
 And, conquer'd, dare the conquerour disdain.

XV.

Ye pallid Spirits! and ye ashie Ghosts!
 Which joyning in the brightness of your day,
 Brought forth those signs of your presumptuous boasts,
 Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
 Tell me, ye Spirits! (sith the darksome river
 Of Styx, not passable to souls returning,
 Enclosing you in thrice three wands for ever,
 Do not restrain your images still mourning)
 Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
 Yet here above him secretly doth hide)
 Do ye not feel your torments to accrew,
 When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
 Of these old Roman works, built with your hands,
 Now to become nought else but heaped sands?

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathful sea from far
 In a great mountain heapt with hideous noyse,
 Estfoons of thousand billows shouldred nar,
 Against a rock to break with dreadful poyse;
 Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharp blast
 Tossing huge tempests through the troubled sky,
 Estfoons having his wide wings spent in wast,
 To stop his weary cariere suddenly;
 And as ye see huge flames spread diversly,
 Gather'd in one up to the heavens to spire,
 Estfoons consum'd to fall down feebly;
 So whylom did this monarchy aspire
 As waves, as wind, as fire, spread over all,
 Till by fatal doom adown did fall.

XVII.

So long as Jove's great bird did make his flight, 225
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not fear of that presumptuous might
With which the gyants did the gods assay;
But all so soon as scorching sun had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to overspred, 230
The earth out of the massie womb forth sent
That antique horror which made heaven adred.
Then was the German Raven in disguise,
That Roman Eagle seen to cleave asunder,
And towards heaven freshly to arise 235
Out of these mountains, now consum'd to powder,
In which the fowl that serves to bear the lightning
Is now no more seen flying nor alighting.

XVIII.

These heaps of stones, these old walls which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage soil, 240
And these brave palaces, which maistred be
Of Time, were shepherds' cottages sometime :
Then took the shepherds kingly ornaments,
And the stout hynd arm'd his right hand with steel ;
Eftsoons their rule of yearly presidents 245
Grew great, and six months greater a great deal,
Which made perpetual, rose to so great might,
That thence th' Imperial Eagle rooting took,
Till th' heaven it self opposing 'gainst her might,
Her power to Peter's successor betook, 250
Who shepherd-like (as Fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew that all things turn to their first being.

XIX.

All that is perfect which th' heaven beautifies,
 All that's imperfect, born below the moon,
 All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes,
 And all that doth consume our pleasures soon;
 All the mishap the which our days outwears,
 All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
 Rome, in the time of her great ancestors,
 Like a Pandora, locked long in store:
 But Destiny, this huge chaos turmoyling,
 In which all good and evil was enclosed,
 Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
 Carried to heaven, from sinful bondage loosed:
 But their great sins, the causers of their pain,
 Under these antique ruines yet remain.

XX.

No otherwise than rainy cloud, first fed
 With earthly vapours gather'd in the air,
 Erstfoons in compass arch'd, to steep his hed,
 Doth plunge himself in Thetys' bosom fair,
 And mounting up again from whence he came,
 With his great belly spreads the dimmed world,
 Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame
 In rain, or snow, or hail, he forth is horld:
 This city, which was first but shepherd's shade,
 Uprising by degrees, grew to such height,
 That queen of land and sea her self she made:
 At last, not able to bear so great weight,
 Her power disperst through all the world did vade,
 To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

XXI.

The same which Pyrrhus, and the puissance
 Of Africk could not tame, that same brave city
 Which, with stout courage arm'd against mischance,
 Sustain'd the shock of common enmity,
 Long as her ship tost with so many freaks,
 Had all the world in arms against her bent;
 Was never seen that any fortune's wrecks
 Could break her course, begun with brave intent;
 But when the object of her virtue fail'd,
 Her power it self against it self did arm;
 As he that having long in tempest sail'd,
 Fain would arrive, but cannot for the storm,
 If too great wind against the port him drive,
 Doth in the port it self his vessel rive.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
 Which mear'd her rule with Africa and Byze,
 With Thames' inhabitants of noble fame,
 And they which see the dawning day arise,
 Her nourlings did with mutinous upore
 Hearten against her self, her conquer'd spoil,
 Which she had won from all the world afore,
 Of all the world was spoil'd within a while;
 So when the compass'd course of th' universe
 In six and thirty thousand years is run,
 The bands of th' elements shall back reverse
 To their first discord, and be quite undone;
 The seeds, of which all things at first were bred,
 Shall in great Chaos' womb again be hid.

XXIII.

O wary wisdom of the man, that would
 That Carthage towres from spoil should be forborn!
 To th' end that his victorious people should
 With cankering leisure not be overworn!
 He well foresaw how that the Roman courage,
 Impatient of pleasure's faint desires,
 Through idleness would turn to civil rage,
 And be her self the matter of her fires:
 For in a people given all to ease,
 Ambition is engendred easily;
 As in a vicious body gross disease
 Soon grows through humour's superfluity.
 That came to pass when, swoln with plenty's pride,
 Nor prince, nor peer, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV.

If the blind fury which wars breedeth oft;
 Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equal beasts,
 Whether they fare on foot or fly aloft,
 Or armed be with claws or scaly creasts,
 What fell Erynnis with hot burning tongs,
 Did gripe your hearts with noisom rage imbew'd,
 That each to other working cruel wrongs,
 Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
 Was this (ye Romans!) your hard destiny,
 Or some old sin, whose unappeased guilt
 Pour'd vengeance forth on you eternally?
 Or brothers' blood, the which at first was spilt
 Upon your walls, that God might not endure
 Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXXV

O that I had the Thracian poet's harp,
 For to awake out of th' infernal shade
 Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in dark,
 The which this ancient city whilom made;
 Or that I had Amphion's instrument,
 To quicken with his vital notes' accord
 The stony joints of these old walls now rent,
 By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd;
 Or that at least I could with pencil line
 Fashion the pourtraicts of these palaces,
 By pattern of great Virgil's spirit divine;
 I would assay with that which in me is,
 To build with level of my lofty stile,
 That which no hands can ever more compile.

XXXVI.

Who list the Roman greatness forth to figure,
 Him needeth not to seek for stage right
 Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to measure
 Her length, her breadth, her deepness, or her height;
 But him behooves to view in compass round
 All that the Ocean grasps in his long arms,
 Be it where th' yearly star doth scorch the ground,
 Or where cold Boreas blows his bitter storms.
 Rome was th' whole world, and all the world was Rome;
 And if things nam'd their names do equalize,
 When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome,
 And naming Rome ye land and sea comprize!
 For th' ancient plot of Rome, displayed plain
 The map of all the wide world doth contain.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonish'd dost behold, 355
 The antique pride which menaced the sky,
 These haughty heaps, these palaces of old,
 These walls, these arks, these baths, these temples hie,
 Judge by these ample Ruins' view the rest
 The which injurious Time hath quite outworn, 370
 Since of all workmen held in reckning best,
 Yet these old fragments are for patterns born:
 Then also mark how Rome from day to day,
 Repairing her decayed fashion,
 Renews her self with buildings rich and gay, 375
 That one would judge that the Roman demon
 Doth yet himself with fatal hand enforce,
 Again on foot to rear her pouldred corse.

XXVIII.

He that hath seen a great oak dry and dead,
 Yet clad with reliques of some trophies old, 380
 Lifting to heaven her aged hoary head,
 Whose foot on ground hath left but feeble hold,
 But half disbowel'd lies above the ground,
 Shewing her wreathed roots and naked arms,
 And on her trunk, all rotten and unsound, 385
 Only supports her self for meat of worms,
 And though she owe her fall to the first wind,
 Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
 And many young plants spring out of her rind,
 Who such an oak hath seen, let him record 390
 That such this city's honour was of yore,
 And 'mongst all cities flourish'd much more.

XXIX.

All that which Egypt whilom did devise,
 All that which Greece their temples to embrace,
 After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guise,
 Or Corinth, skill'd in curious works to grave;
 All that Lyfippus' practick art could form,
 Apelles' wit, or Phidias his skill,
 Was wont this ancient city to adorn,
 And heaven it self with her wide wonders fill;
 All that which Athens ever brought forth wise,
 All that which Africk ever brought forth strange,
 All that which Asia ever had of prise,
 Was here to see. O marvailous great change!
 Rome living was the world's sole ornament,
 And dead, is now the world's sole monument!

XXX.

Like as the seeded field green grass first shows,
 Then from green grass into a stalk doth spring,
 And from a stalk into an ear forth grows,
 Which ear the fruitful grain doth shortly bring;
 And as in season due the husband mows
 The waving locks of those fair yellow hairs,
 Which bound in sheaves, and laid in comely rows,
 Upon the naked fields in stacks he rears;
 So grew the Roman empire by degree,
 Till that barbarian hands it quite did spill,
 And left of it but these old marks to see,
 Of which all passers-by do somewhat pill;
 As they which glean, the reliques use to gather
 Which th' husbandman behind him chanst to scatter.

XXXI.

That same is now nought but a champain wide, 431
 Where all this world's pride once was situate.
 No blame to thee, whosoever doest abide
 By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
 Ne Africk thereof guilty is, nor Spain, 435
 Nor the bold people by the Thamis' brinks,
 Nor the brave warlike brood of Alemain,
 Nor the born souldier which Rhine-running drinks:
 Thou only cause, O evil Fury! art,
 Which sowing in th' Æmathan fields thy spight, 439
 Didst arm thy hand against thy proper heart,
 To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
 To greatness grown, through long prosperity,
 Thou then adown might'st fall more horribly.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verses! that posterity 435
 Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
 Hope ye that ever immortality
 So mean harp's work may challenge for her meed?
 If under heaven any endurance were,
 These monuments, which not in paper writ, 440
 But in porphyre and marble do appear,
 Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
 Nath'less my lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to give,
 Cease not to sound these old antiquities,
 For if that Time do let thy glory live, 445
 Well may'st thou boast, how ever base thou be,
 That thou art first which of thy nation song
 Th' old honour of the people gown'd long.

L' ENVOY.

BELLY! first garland of free poesy 449
 That France brought forth, though fruitful of brave
 Well worthy thou of immortality, [wits;
 That long hast travel'd by thy learned writs,
 Old Rome out of her ashes to revive,
 And give a second life to dead decays;
 Needs must he all eternity survive, 455
 That can to other give eternal days.
 Thy days, therefore, are endless, and thy praise
 Excelling all that ever went before;
 And after thee 'gins *Bartas* hie to raise
 His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore, 460
 Live, happy Spirits! th' honour of your name,
 And fill the world with never-dying fame. 462

THE RUINES OF TIME.

To the right noble and beautiful lady,

MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROOK.

MOST honourable and bountiful Lady, there be long sithens deep sowed in my breast the seeds of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave knight, your noble brother, deceased, which taking root, began in his lifetime somewhat to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weakness of their first spring, and would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to draw out his days) spired forth fruit of more perfection: but since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the patron of my young Muses, together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead: yet sithens my late coming into England, some friends of mine, (which might much prevail with me, and indeed command me) knowing with how straight bands of duty I was tyed to him, and also bound unto that noble house, (of which the chief hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed any thankful remembrance towards him, or any of them, but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulness: whom chiefly to satisfy, or else to avoid that foul blot of unthankfulness, I have con-

ceived this small Poem, intituled by a general name of,
The World's Ruines; yet specially intended to the re-
 nowning of that noble race from which both you and he
 sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chief of them
 late deceased: the which I dedicate unto your Ladyship,
 as whom it most specially concerneth, and to whom I ac-
 knowledg my self bounden by many singular favours and
 great graces. I pray for your honourable happiness, and
 so humbly kiss your hands.

Your Ladyship's ever

humbly at command,

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE RUINES OF TIME. 161

It chanced me one day beside the shore
Of silver streaming Thamesis to be,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to see,
By which the traveller that fates that way
This once was she may warned be to say.

There on the other side I did behold
A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing;
Rending her yellow locks, like wiry gold,
About her shoulders carelessly down trailing,
And streams of tears from her fair eyes forth railing;
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heaven she seem'd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that river's nymphs,
Which did the loss of some dear love lament,
I doubt, or one of those three fatal imps
Which draw the days of men forth in extent,
Or th' ancient Genius of that city brent;
But seeing her so piteously perplexed,
I (to her calling) ask'd what her so vexed?

"Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthly thing,
"Or comfort, can I, wretched Creature! have?
"Whose happiness the Heavens envying,
"From highest stair to lowest step me drave,
"And have in mine own bowels made my grave;
"That of all nations now I am forlorn,
"The world's sad spectacle, and Fortune's scorn."

Much was I moved at her piteous plaint,
 And felt my heart nigh riven in my breast, 30
 With tender ruth to see her fore constraint,
 That shedding tears awhile, I still did rest,
 And after did her name of her request :

“ Name have I none, (quoth she) nor any being,
 “ Bereft of both by Fate’s unjust decreeing. 35

“ I was that city which the garland wore
 “ Of Britain’s pride, delivered unto me
 “ By Roman victors, which it won of yore.
 “ Though nought at all but ruines now I be,
 “ And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see : 40
 “ Verlame I was ; what boots it that I was,
 “ Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grafs ?

“ O vain world’s glory, and unstedfast state
 “ Of all that lives on face of sinful earth !
 “ Which from their first until their utmost date 45
 “ Taste no one hour of happiness or mirth,
 “ But like as at the ingate of their birth,
 “ They crying creep out of their mother’s womb,
 “ So wailing back go to their woeful tomb.

“ Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath, 50
 “ Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
 “ And rear a trophée for devouring Death,
 “ With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
 “ As if his days for ever should remain ?
 “ Sith all that in this world is great or gay 55
 “ Doth as a vapour vanish and decay.

" Look back who list unto the former ages,
 " And call to count what is of them become,
 " Where be those learned wits and antique sages
 " Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum? 60
 " Where those great warriors which did overcome
 " The world with conquest of their might and main,
 " And made one mear of th' earth and of their reign?

" What now is of th' Assyrian Lionses,
 " Of whom no footing now on earth appears? 65
 " What of the Persian Bear's outrageousness,
 " Whose memory is quite worn out with years?
 " Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
 " That over-ran the East with greedy powre,
 " And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour? 70

" And where is that same great Seven-headed beast,
 " That made all nations vassals of her pride,
 " To fall before her feet at her behest,
 " And in the neck of all the world did ride? 74
 " Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide?
 " With her own weight down pressed now she lies,
 " And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

" O Rome! thy ruin I lament and rue,
 " And in thy fall my fatal overthrow,
 " That whilom was, whilst Heavens with equal view 80
 " Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts bestow,
 " The picture of thy pride in pompous show;
 " And of the whole world as thou wast the empress,
 " So I of this small northern world was princefs.

" To tell the beauty of my buildings fair, 83
 " Adorn'd with purest gold and precious stone;
 " To tell my riches and endowments rare,
 " That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
 " To tell my forces, matchable to none,
 " Were but lost labour, that few would believe, 90
 " And with rehearsing would me more agrieve.

" High towers, fair temples, goodly theaters,
 " Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
 " Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
 " Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries, 95
 " Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
 " All those (O pity!) now are turn'd to dust,
 " And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.

" Thereto for warlike power and people's store,
 " In Britanny was none to match with me, 100
 " That many often did aby full sore;
 " Ne Troynovant, though elder sister she,
 " With my great forces may compared be;
 " That stout Pendragon to his peril felt,
 " Who in a siege seven years about me dwelt. 105

" But long e'er this Bouduca, Britonness,
 " Her mighty host against my bulwarks brought;
 " Bouduca! that victorious conqueress,
 " That lifting up her brave heroick thought 109
 " 'Bove women's weakness, with the Romans fought,
 " Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed;
 " Yet was she foil'd whenas she me assailed.

" And though at last by force I conquer'd were
 " Of hardy Saxons, and became their thrall,
 " Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full dear, 115
 " And priz'd with slaughter of their general,
 " The monument of whose sad funeral,
 " For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
 " But now to nought through spoil of time is wasted.

" Wasted it is, as if it never were, 120
 " And all the rest, that me so honour'd made,
 " And of the world admired every where,
 " Is turn'd to smoak, that doth to nothing fade,
 " And of that brightness now appears no shade,
 " But griesly shades, such as do haunt in hell, 125
 " With fearful fiends, that in deep darkness dwell.

" Where my high steeples whilom us'd to stand,
 " On which the lordly falcon wont to towre,
 " There now is but an heap of lime and sand,
 " For the skriech-owl to build her baleful bowre; 130
 " And where the nightingale wont forth to pour
 " Her restless plaints, to comfort wakeful lovers,
 " There now haunt yelling mews and whining plovers.

" And where the chrystal Thamis wont to slide
 " In silver channel down along the lee, 135
 " About whose flowry banks on either side
 " A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollitee,
 " Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
 " There now no river's course is to be seen,
 " But moorish fens, and marishes ever green. 140

" Seems that the gentle river, for great grief
 " Of my mishap, which oft I to him plained,
 " Or for to shun the horrible mischief
 " With which he saw my cruel foes me pained,
 " And his pure streams with guiltless blood oft stained,
 " From my unhappy neighbourhood far fled, 146
 " And his sweet waters away with him led.

" There also where the winged ships were seen
 " In liquid waves to cut their foamy way,
 " And thousand fishers numbered to have been 150
 " In that wide lake, looking for plenteous prey
 " Of fish, which they with baits us'd to betray,
 " Is now no lake, nor any fisher's store,
 " Nor ever ship shall sail there any more.

" They are all gone, and all with them is gone, 155
 " Ne ought to me remains but to lament
 " My long decay, which no man else doth mone,
 " And mourn my fall with doleful drement,
 " Yet is it comfort in great languishment,
 " To be bemoan'd with compassion kind, 160
 " And mitigates the anguish of the mind.

" But me no man bewaileth but in game,
 " No sheddeth tears from lamentable eye,
 " Nor any lives that mentioneth my name
 " To be remembered of posterity, 165
 " Save one, that maugre Fortune's injury,
 " And Time's decay, and Envy's cruel tort,
 " Hath writ my record in true-seeming fort.

- "Camden! the nourice of Antiquity,
 "And Ianthorn unto late succeeding age, 170
 "To see the light of simple verity,
 "Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
 "Of her own people, led with warlike rage;
 "Camden! though time all monuments obscure,
 "Yet thy just labours ever shall endure. 175
 "But why (unhappy Wight!) do I thus cry,
 "And grieve that my remembrance quite is faced
 "Out of the knowledge of posterity,
 "And all my antique monuments defaced?
 "Sith I do daily see things highest placed, 180
 "So soon as Fates their vital thred have tharn,
 "Forgotten quite, as they were never born.
 "It is not long since these two eyes beheld
 "A mighty prince, of most renowned race,
 "Whom England high in count of honour held, 185
 "And greatest ones did sue to gain his grace;
 "Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 "Sate in the bosom of his sovereignty,
 "And, right and loyal, did his word maintain.
 "I saw him die, I saw him die as one 190
 "Of the mean people, and brought forth on bier;
 "I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 "His doleful fate, that late him loved dear;
 "Scarce any left to close his eye-lids near;
 "Scarce any left upon his lips to lay 195
 "The sacred sod, or requiem to say,

" O trustless state of miserable men,
 " That build your bliss on hope of earthly thing,
 " And vainly think your selves half happy then,
 " When painted faces, with smooth flattering,
 " Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing!
 " And when the courting masker louteth low,
 " Him true in heart and trusty to you trow!

" All is but feigned, and with oaker dide,
 " That every shower will wash and wipe away:
 " All things do change that under heaven abide,
 " And after death all friendship doth decay:
 " Therefore what-ever man beareth worldly sway,
 " Living, on God and on thy self rely,
 " For when thou diest all shall with thee die.

" He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
 " Save what in heaven's storehouse he uplaid;
 " His hope is fail'd, and come to pass his dread,
 " And evil men (now dead) his deeds upbraid:
 " Spight bites the dead, that living never baid.
 " He now is gone, the whiles the fox is crept
 " Into the hole the which the badger swept.

" He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
 " And all his greatness vapoured to nought,
 " That as a glass upon the water shone,
 " Which vanisht quite so soon as it was sought:
 " His name is worn already out of thought,
 " Ne any poet seeks him to revive,
 " Yet many poets honour'd him alive.

- " Ne doth his Colin, careless Colin Clout, 225
 " Care pow his idle bagpipe up to raise!
 " Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
 " Of shepherd grooms, which wont his songs to praise:
 " Praise whoso list, yet I will him dispraise,
 " Until he quit him of this guilty blame: 230
 " Wake, shepherd's Boy, at length awake for shame.
 " And whoso else did goodness by him gain,
 " And whoso else his bounteous mind did try,
 " Whether he shepherd be or shepherd's swain,
 " (For many did, which do it now deny) 235
 " Awake, and to his song a part apply:
 " And I, the whilst you mourn for his decease,
 " Will with my mourning plaint your plaint increase.
 " He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
 " His brother prince, his brother noble peer, 240
 " That whilst he lived was of none envye,
 " And dead is now, as living, counted dear,
 " Dear unto all that true affection bear;
 " But unto thee most dear, O dearest Dame!
 " His noble spouse, and paragon of fame. 245
 " He, whilst he lived, happy was through thee,
 " And being dead, is happy now much more;
 " Living, that linked chaunst with thee to be,
 " And dead, because him dead thou doost adore
 " As living, and thy lost dear love deplore: 250
 " So whilst that thou, fair Flower of Chastity!
 " Doost live, by thee thy lord shall never die.

" Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
 " Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever;
 " For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse 255
 " His worthy praise, and vertues dying never,
 " Though death his soul do from his body sever:
 " And thou thy self herein shalt also live,
 " Such grace the heavens do to my verses give.

 " Ne shall his sister, ne thy father, die; 260
 " Thy father, that good earl of rare renown,
 " And noble patron of weak poverty!
 " Whose great good deeds in country and in town
 " Have purchast him in heaven a happy crown,
 " Where he now liveth in eternal bliss, 265
 " And left his son t'ensue those steps of his.

 " He, noble Bud! his grandsire's lively heir,
 " Under the shadow of thy countenance
 " Now gins to shoot up fast, and flourish fair
 " In learned arts and goodly governance, 270
 " That him to highest honour shall advance.
 " Brave Imp of Bedford! grow apace in bounty,
 " And count of wisdom more than of thy county.

 " Ne may I let thy husband's sister die,
 " That goodly lady, sith she eke did spring 275
 " Out of this stock and famous family,
 " Whose praises I to future age do sing,
 " And forth out of her happy womb did bring
 " The sacred brood of learning and all honour,
 " In whom the heavens pour'd all their gifts upon her.

" Most gentle spirit breathed from above, 281
 " Out of the bosom of the Maker's bliss,
 " In whom all bounty and all vertuous love
 " Appeared in their native propertis,
 " And did enrich that noble breast of his 285
 " With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
 " Worthy of heaven it self, which brought it forth.

" His blessed spirit, full of power divine,
 " And influence of all celestial grace,
 " Loathing this sinful earth and earthly slime, 290
 " Fled back too soon unto his native place;
 " Too soon for all that did his love embrace;
 " Too soon for all this wretched world, whom he
 " Robb'd of all right and true nobility.

" Yet ere his happy soul to heaven went 295
 " Out of this fleshly goal, he did devise
 " Unto his heavenly Maker to present
 " His body as a spotless sacrifice,
 " And chose that guilty hands of enemies
 " Should pour forth th' offering of his guiltless blood;
 " So life exchanging for his country's good. 301

" O noble Spirit! live there ever blessed,
 " The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new joy;
 " Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
 " With mortal cares and cumbrous world's annoy:
 " But where thou doost that happiness enjoy, 306
 " Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
 " That happy there I may thee always see!

Yet whilst the Fates afford me vital breath,
" I will it spend in speaking of thy praise, 310
" And sing to thee until that timely death
" By Heaven's doom do end my earthly days :
" Thereto do thou my humble spirit raise,
" And into me that sacred breath inspire
" Which thou there breathest perfect and entire. 315

" Then will I sing; but who can better sing
" Than thine own sister, peerless lady bright!
" Which to thee sings with deep heart's forrowing,
" Sorrowing tempered with dear delight?
" That her to hear I feel my feeble spright 320
" Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy;
" O sad joy, made of mourning and annoy!

" Yet will I sing; but who can better sing
" Than thou thy self, thine one self's valiance, 324
" That whilst thou livedst madest the forests ring,
" And fields resound, and flocks to leap and dance,
" And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischance,
" To run thy shrill Arcadian pipe to hear?
" O happy were those days! thrice happy were.

" But now more happy thou, and wretched we, 330
" Which want the wonted sweetness of thy voice,
" Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
" With Orpheus, with Linus, and the choice
" Of all that ever did in rimes rejoyce,
" Conversest, and doost hear their heavenly lays, 335
" And they hear thine, and thine do better praise.

" So there thou livest, singing evermore,
 " And here thou livest, being ever song
 " Of us which living loved thee afore,
 " And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng
 " Of heavenly poets and heroes strong: 341
 " So thou both here and there immortal art,
 " And every where through excellent desert.

" But such as neither of themselves can sing,
 " Nor yet are sung of others for reward, 345
 " Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
 " Which never was, ne ever with regard
 " Their names shall of the later age be heard,
 " But shall in rusty darkness ever lie,
 " Unless they mention'd be with infamy. 350

" What booteth it to have been rich alive?
 " What to be great? what to be gracious?
 " When after death no token doth survive
 " Of former being in this mortal house,
 " But sleeps in dust dead and inglorious? 355
 " Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,
 " And hath not hope of happiness or bliss.

" How many great ones may remembered be
 " Which in their days most famously did flourish,
 " Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see, 360
 " But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish,
 " Because they living cared not to cherish
 " No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
 " Which might their names for ever memorize?

" Provide, therefore, (ye Princes!) whilst ye live,
 " That of the Muses ye may friended be, 366
 " Which unto men eternity do give;
 " For they be daughters of Dame Memory
 " And Jove, the father of Eternity,
 " And do those men in golden thrones repose, 370
 " Whose merits they to glorify do chose.

 " The seven-fold yron gates of grisly hell,
 " And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
 " They able are with power of mighty spell
 " To break, and thence the souls to bring away 375
 " Out of drad darkness to eternal day,
 " And them immortal make which else would die
 " In foul forgetfulness, and nameless lie.

 " So whylom raised they the puissant brood
 " Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merit, 380
 " Out of the dust to which the Oetæan wood
 " Had him consum'd, and spent his vital spirit
 " To highest heaven, where now he doth inherit
 " All happiness in Hebe's silver bow'r,
 " Chosen to be her dearest paramour. 385

 " So rais'd they eke fair Leda's warlike Twins,
 " And interchanged life unto them lent,
 " That when th' one dies, th' other then begins
 " To shew in heaven his brightness orient;
 " And they, for pity of the sad wayment 390
 " Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
 " Her back again to life sent for his sake.

" So happy are they, and so fortunate,
 " Whom the Pierian sacred Sisters love,
 " That freed from bands of impacable fate, 395
 " And powre of death, they live for ay above,
 " Where mortal wrecks their blifs may not remove,
 " But with the gods, for former vertue's meed,
 " On nectar and ambrosia do feed.

" For deeds do die, however nobly done, 400
 " And thoughts of men do in themselves decay,
 " But wise words, taught in numbers for to run,
 " Recorded by the Muses, live for ay,
 " Ne may with storming showers be washt away;
 " Ne bitter breathing winds with harmful blast, 405
 " Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever wast.

" In vain do earthly princes then, in vain,
 " Seek with pyramides to heaven aspired,
 " Or huge colosses built with costly pain,
 " Or brasen pillows never to be fired, 410
 " Or shrines made of the metal most desired,
 " To make their memories for ever live;
 " For how can mortal immortality give?

" Such one Mausolus made, the world's great wonder,
 " But now no remnant doth thereof remain; 415
 " Such one Marcellus, but was torn with thunder;
 " Such one Lissippus, but is worn with rain;
 " Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gain.
 " All such vain monuments of earthly mass,
 " Devour'd of Time, in time to nought do pass. 420

" But Fame with golden wings aloft doth fly
 " Above the reach of ruinous decay;
 " And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,
 " Admir'd of base-born men from far away;
 " Then whose will with vertuous deeds assay 425
 " To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
 " And with sweet poets' verse be glorified.

" For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
 " Could save the son of Thetis from to die,
 " But that blind bard did him immortal make 430
 " With verses dipt in dew of Castalie,
 " Which made the Eastern conquerour to cry
 " O fortunate young Man! whose vertue found
 " So brave a tromp thy noble acts to sound.

" Therefore in this half happy I do read 435
 " Good Melibæ, that hath a poet got
 " To sing his living praises being dead,
 " Deserving never here to be forgot,
 " In spite of Envy, that his deeds would spot;
 " Since whose decease learning lies unregarded, 440
 " And men of arms do wander unrewarded.

" These two be those two great calamities
 " That long ago did grieve the noble spright
 " Of Salomon with great indignities,
 " Who whilom was alive the wisest wight; 445
 " But now his wisdom is disproved quight;
 " For he that now welds all things at his will,
 " Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

" O grief of griefs! O gall of all good hearts!
 " To see that vertue should despised be 450
 " Of such as first were rais'd for vertuous parts,
 " And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
 " Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be:
 " O! let not those of whom the Muse is scorned,
 " Alive nor dead, be of the Muse adorned! 455

" O vile world's trust, that with such vain illusion
 " Hath so wise men bewitcht and overkest,
 " That they see not the way of their confusion!
 " O vainness to be added to the rest,
 " That doth my soul with inward grief infest! 460
 " Let them behold the piteous fall of me,
 " And in my case their own ensample see.

" And whoso else that sits in highest seat
 " Of this world's glory, worshipped of all,
 " Ne feareth change of time nor Fortune's threat,
 " Let him behold the horror of my fall, 466
 " And his own end unto remembrance call,
 " That of like ruine he may warned be,
 " And in himself be mov'd to pity me."

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint, 470
 With doleful shrieks she vanished away,
 That I through inward sorrow wexen faint,
 And all astonished with deep dismay
 For her departure, had no word to say,
 But sate long time in senseless sad affright, 475
 Looking still if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
 My thought returned grieved home again,
 Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
 For ruth of that same woman's piteous pain; 480
 Whose words recording in my troubled brain,
 I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
 That frozen horror ran through every part.

So inly grieving in my groaning breast,
 And deeply musing at her doubtful speech, 485
 Whose meaning much I laboured forth to wrest,
 Being above my slender reason's reach,
 At length, by demonstration me to teach,
 Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,
 Like tragick pageants seeming to appear. 490

I.

I saw an Image all of massie gold,
 Placed on high upon an altar fair,
 That all which did the same from far behold,
 Might worship it, and fall on lowest stair:
 Not that great idol might with this compare, 495
 To which th' Assyrian tyrant would have made
 The holy brethren fally to have praid.

But th' altar on the which this Image staid,
 Was (O great pity!) built of brittle clay,
 That shortly the foundation decaid, 500
 With show'rs of heaven and tempest worn away;
 Then down it fell, and low in ashes lay,
 Scorned of every one which by it went,
 That I it seeing dearly did lament.

II.

Next unto this a stately Towre appear'd, 1505
 Built all of richest stone that might be found,
 And high unto the heavens in height uprear'd,
 But plac'd on a plot of sandy ground:
 Not that great towre which is so much renown'd
 For tongues' confusion in Holy Writ, 1510
 King Ninus' work, might be compar'd to it.

But, O vain labours of terrestrial wit,
 That builds so strongly on so frail a soil,
 As with each storm does fall away and flit,
 And gives the fruit of all your travail's toil, 1515
 To be the prey of Time and Fortune's spoil!
 I saw this Towre fall suddenly to dust,
 That high with grief thereof my heart was bruft.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise, 1520
 Full of sweet flowres and daintiest delights,
 Such as on earth man could not more devise,
 With pleasures choice to feed his chearful sprights:
 Not that which Merlin by his magick flights
 Made for the gentle squire to entertain
 His fair Belphoebe, could this garden stain. 1525

But O short pleasure, bought with lasting pain!
 Why will hereafter any flesh delight
 In earthly bliss, and joy in pleasures vain?
 Since that I saw this Garden wasted quight,
 That where it was scarce seem'd any sight, 1530
 That I, which once that beauty did behold,
 Could not from tears my melting eyes with-hold.

IV.

Soon after this a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre and of exceeding stature,
That none durst view the horror of his face, 533
Yet was he mild of speech and meek of nature;
Not he which in despite of his Creator
With railing terms defy'd the Jewish host;
Might with this mighty one in hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast 540
Stretch his strong thighs, and th' ocean overstride,
And reach his hand into his enemies' host:
But see the end of pomp and fleshly pride!
One of his feet unwares from him did slide,
That down he fell into the deep abyss, 545
Where dround with him is all his earthly bliss.

V.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
Over the sea from one to th' other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' uphold,
But like the coloured rainbow arch'd wide: 550
Not that great arch which Trajan edifice,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equal viewing.

But (ah!) what boots it to see earthly thing
In glory or in greatness to excel, 555
Sith time doth greatest things to ruin bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foot not fastned well,
'Gan fail, and all the rest down shortly fell;
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That grief thereof my spirit greatly pained. 560

VI.

I saw two Bears, as white as any milk,
 Lying together in a mighty cave,
 Of mild aspect, and hair as soft as silk,
 That salvage nature seemed not to have,
 Nor after greedy spoil of blood to crave:
 Two fairer beasts might not else-where be found,
 Although the compass world were sought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
 In state of bliss, or stedfast happiness?
 The cave, in which these Bears lay sleeping sound,
 Was but of earth, and with her weightiness,
 Upon them fell, and did unwares oppress,
 That for great sorrow of their sudden fate
 Henceforth all world's felicity I hate.

Much was I troubled in my heavy spright
 At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight,
 And I in mind remained sore agast,
 Distraught 'twixt fear and pity; when at last
 I heard a voice which loudly to me call'd,
 That with the suddain shrill I was appall'd.

Behold, (said it) and by ensample see
 That all is vanity and grief of mind,
 No other comfort in this world can be
 But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclin'd,
 For all the rest must needs be left behind:
 With that it bade me to the other side
 To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I.

Upon that famous river's further shore
 There stood a snowy Swan, of heavenly hue 590
 And gentle kind, as ever fowl afore;
 A fairer one in all the goodly crew
 Of white Strimonian brood might no man view;
 There he most sweetly sung the prophecy
 Of his own death in doleful elegy. 595

At last, when all his mourning melody
 He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
 Feeling the fit that him forewarn'd to die,
 With lofty flight about the earth he bounded,
 And out of sight to highest heaven mounted, 600
 Where now he is become an heavenly sign;
 There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

Whilst thus I looked, loe adown the lee
 I saw an Harp strung all with silver twine,
 And made of gold and costly ivory, 605
 Swimming, that whilom seemed to have been
 The harp on which Dan Orpheus was seen
 Wild beasts and forrests after him to lead,
 But was th' Harp of Phillisides now dead.

At length out of the river it was rear'd, 610
 And borne about the clouds to be divin'd,
 Whilst all the way most heavenly noise was heard
 Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
 That wrought both joy and sorrow in my mind;

So now in heaven a sign it doth appear, 613
The Harp, well known beside the Northern Bear.

III.

Soon after this I saw on th' other side
A curious Coffer made of heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldes good; 620
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought.

At length, when most in peril it was brought,
Two angels down descending with swift flight, 625
Out of the swelling stream it lightly caught,
And 'twixt their blessed arms it carried quight
Above the reach of any living sight;
So now it is transform'd into that star
In which all heavenly treasures locked are. 630

IV.

Looking aside, I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for any prince's couch be red,
And deckt with dainty flowres, as if it should
Be for some bride, her joyous night to hold; 635
Therein a goodly virgin sleeping lay,
A fairer wight saw never summer's day.
I heard a voice that called far away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,
For loe her bridegroom was in ready ray 640

To come to her, and seek her love's delight:
 With that she started up with cheerful sight,
 When suddenly both Bed and all was gone,
 And I in langour left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood 645
 A Knight all arm'd upon a winged steed,
 The same that bred was of Medusa's blood,
 On which Dan Perseus, born of heavenly seed,
 The fair Andromeda from peril freed;
 Full mortally this Knight ywounded was, 650
 That streams of blood forth flowed on the grass.

Yet was he deckt (small joy to him, alas!)
 With many garlands for his victories,
 And with rich spoils, which late he did purchase
 Through brave achievements from his enemies; 655
 Fainting at last through long infirmities,
 He smote his steed, that straight to heaven bore,
 And left me here his loss for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly, I saw an Ark of purest gold
 Upon a brazen pillour standing high, 660
 Which th' ashes seemed of a great prince to hold,
 Enclos'd therein for endless memory
 Of him whom all the world did glorify;
 Seemed the heavens with th' earth did disagree
 Whether should of those ashes keeper be. 665

4

At last, me seem'd wing-footed Mercury,
 From heaven descending to appease their strife,
 The Ark did bear with him above the sky,
 And to those ashes gave a second life,
 To live in heaven, where happiness is rife; 670
 At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
 And I for dole was almost like to die.

L' ENVOY.

IMMORTAL Spirit of Phillisides!
 Which now art made the heaven's ornament,
 That whilom wast the world's chiefeft riches, 675
 Give leave to him that lov'd thee to lament
 His loss, by lack of thee to heaven hent,
 And with last duties of this broken verse,
 Broken with sighs, to deck thy sable herse.

And ye, fair Lady! th' honour of your days, 680
 And glory of the world, your high thoughts scorn,
 Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise
 With some few silver-dropping tears t' adorn;
 And as ye be of heavenly off-spring born,
 So unto heaven let your high mind aspire,
 And loath this dross of sinful world's desire. 686

MUMPOTMOS:

OR, THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLY.

To the right worthy and vertuous Lady,

THE LADY CAREY.

MOST brave and bountifull Lady! for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits; therefore I have determined to give my self wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my self, and absolutely vowed to your services, which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage to have the person yielded. My person I wot well how little worth it is; but the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your Ladyship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poor service thereof, which taketh glory to advance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to spend it self in honouring you; not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded, nor for name or kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable, as for that honourable name which ye have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spread in the mouths of all men; with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and under your name to commend to the world this small Poem; the which beseeching your Ladyship to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousness to make a mild construction, I humbly pray for your happinefs.

Your L. adyship's ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

MUIOPOTMOS, &c.

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
 Stirr'd up through wrathful Nemesis' despight,
 Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
 Drawn into arms and proof of mortal fight
 Through proud ambition and heart-swelling hate,
 Whilst neither could the other's greater might
 And 'sdainful scorn endure, that from small jar
 Their wraths at length broke into open war.

The root whereof and tragical effect
 Vouchsafe, O thou the mournful'ft Muse of Nine
 That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct
 In funeral complaints and wailful time,
 Reveal to me, and all the means detect
 Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
 To lowest wretchedness. And is there then
 Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men?

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
 Which do possess the empire of the air,
 Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
 Was none more favorable nor more fair,
 Whilst Heaven did favour his felicities,
 Than Clarion, the eldest son and heir
 Of Muscarol, and in his father's sight
 Of all alive did seem the fairest wight.

With fruitful hope his aged breast he fed
 Of future good, which his young toward years
 Full of brave courage and bold hardy-hed,
 Above th' ensample of his equal peers,

Did largely promise, and to him fore-red
 (Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender tears)
 That he in time would sure prove such an one
 As should be worthy of his father's throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
 Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
 Did much disdain to subject his desire
 To loathsome sloth, or hours in ease to waste,
 But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire
 Through the wide compass of the airy coast,
 And with unwearied wings each part t'inquire
 Of the wide rule of his renowned fire:

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
 That from this lower tract he dar'd to fly
 Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
 To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,
 To view the workmanship of heaven's sight,
 Whence down descending, he along would fly
 Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find,
 And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So on a summer's-day, when season mild
 With gentle calm the world hath quieted,
 And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
 Ascending, did his beams abroad disspread,
 Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smil'd;
 Young Clarion with vauntful lustyhed
 After his guise did cast abroad to fare,
 And thereto 'gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
 Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
 That mought his life from iron death assure,
 And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound, 60
 For it by art was framed to endure
 The bit of baleful steel and bitter sound,
 No less than that which Vulcane made to shield
 Achille's life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw 65
 An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he
 In salvage forest by adventure slew;
 And rest the spoil, his ornament to be;
 Which spreading all his back with dreadful view,
 Made all that him so horrible did see, 70
 Think him Alcides with the lyon's skin,
 When the Næmean conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering burganet,
 The which was wrought by wondrous device,
 And curiously engraven, he did set : 75
 The metal was of rare and passing price;
 Not Bilbo steel, nor brass from Corinth set,
 Nor costly Oricalch from strange Phœnice,
 But such as could both Phœbus' arrows ward;
 And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard : 80

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
 Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
 Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore :
 Like as a warlike brigandine applide.

To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore;
 The engines which in them sad death do hide;
 So did this Fly outstretch his fearful horns,
 Yet so as him their terrous more adorns.

Lastly, his shiny wings, as silver bright,
 Painted with thousand colours, passing far
 All painters' skill, he did about him dight:

Not half so many sundry colours are
 In Iris' bow, ne heaven doth shine so bright,
 Distinguished with many a twinkling star,
 Nor Juno's bird, in her eye-spotted train,
 So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril spoken)
 The archer god, the son of Cytheree,
 That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,
 And heaped spoils of bleeding hearts to see,
 Bears in his wings so many a changeful token.
 Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
 If ought against thine honour I have told;
 Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a lady fair, in court full oft
 Beholding them, him secretly envide;
 And wisht that two such fans, so silken soft,
 And golden fair, her love would her provide;
 Or that when them the gorgeous Fly had doft,
 Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
 From him would steal them privily away,
 And bring to her so precious a prey.

Report is that Dame Venus, on a day
 In spring, when flowres do cloath the fruitful ground;
 Walking abroad with all her nymphs to play, 115
 Bade her fair damfels, flocking her around;
 To gather flowres, her forehead to array;
 Emongst the rest a gentle nymph was found,
 Hight Astry, excellling all the crew
 In courteous usage and unstained hue; 120

Who being nimbler-jointed than the rest,
 And more industrious, gathered more store
 Of the field's honour than the others best,
 Which they in secret hearts envying fore,
 Told Venus, when her as the worthiest 125
 She prais'd, that Cupid (as they heard before)
 Did lend her secret aid in gathering
 Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddess gathering jealous fear,
 Not yet unmindful how not long ago 130
 Her son to Psyche secret love did bear,
 And long it close conceal'd, till mickle wo
 Thereof arose, and many a rueful tear,
 Reason with sudden rage did overgo,
 And giving hasty credit to th' accuser, 135
 Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Estsoons that damsel by her heavenly might
 She turn'd into a winged Butterfly,
 In the wide air to make her wandring flight;
 And all those flowres, with which so plenteously 140

Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight;
 She placed in her wings, for memory
 Of her pretended crime, though crime none were;
 Since which that Fly them in her wings doth bear.

Thus the fresh Clarion being ready dight, 145
 Unto his journey did himself address,
 And with good speed began to take his flight;
 Over the fields in his frank lustiness,
 And all the champain o'er he scared light,
 And all the country wide he did possess, 150
 Feeding upon their pleasures bounteously,
 That none gainsaid, nor none did him envy.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
 With his air-cutting wings he measured wide,
 Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen, 155
 Nor the rank grassie fens' delights unride:
 But none of these, however sweet they been,
 Mote please his fancy, nor him cause t' abide;
 His choiceful sense with every change doth flit;
 No common things may please a wavering wit, 160

To the gay gardens his unstaied desire
 Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights;
 There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
 Pours forth sweet odors and alluring sights,
 And Art, with her contending, doth aspire, 165
 T' excel the natural with made delights;
 And all that fair or pleasant may be found
 In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
 From bed to bed, from one to other border, 170
 And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
 Of every flower and herb there set in order;
 Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
 Ne with his feet their lilken leaves deface, 175
 But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety,
 And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet)
 He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
 Now sucking of the sap of herbs most meet, 180
 Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
 Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
 And then he pearcieth on some branch thereby,
 To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then again he turneth to his play, 185
 To spoil the pleasures of that paradise:
 The wholsom sage, and lavender still gray,
 Rank-smelling rue, and cummin, good for eyes,
 The roses reigning in the pride of May,
 Sharp isop, good for green wounds' remedies, 190
 Fair marigolds, and bees-alluring thime,
 Sweet marjoram, and daisies decking prime:

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
 Embathed balm, and cheerful galingale,
 Fresh costmary, and breathful camomil, 195
 Dull poppy, and drink-quickning setuall,

Vein-healing verven, and head-purging dill,
 Sound savory, and basil, harty-hale,
 Fat colworts, and comforting perfeline,
 Cold lettice, and refreshing rosmarine; 200

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
 Grew in this garden, fetch'd from far away,
 Of every one he takes, and tastes at will,
 And on their pleasures greedily doth prey;
 Then when he hath both plaid and fed his fill, 205
 In the warm sun he doth himself embay,
 And there him rests in riotous suffiance,
 Of all his gladfulness and kingly joyance.

What more felicity can fall to creature
 Than to enjoy delight with liberty, 210
 And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
 To reign in th' air from earth to highest sky,
 To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
 To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
 Who rests not pleas'd with such happiness, 215
 Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
 Or who can him assure of happy day?
 Sith morning fair may bring foul evening late,
 And least mishap the most blest alter may? 220
 For thousand perils lie in close await
 About us daily, to work our decay,
 That none, except a god, or God him guide,
 May them avoid, or remedy provide.

And whatso heavens in their secret doom 225
 Ordained have, how can frail fleshly wight
 Fore-cast, but it must needs to issue come?
 The sea, the air, the fire, the day, the night,
 And th' armies of their creatures all and some
 Do serve to them, and with importune might 230
 War against us, the vassals of their will:
 Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion! though fairest thou
 Of all thy kind, unhappy, happy Fly!
 Whose cruel fate is woven even now 235
 Of Jove's own hand, to work thy misery;
 Ne may thee help the many a hearty vow
 Which thy old sire with sacred piety
 Hath poured forth for thee, and th' altars sprent;
 Nought may thee save from heaven's avengement. 240

It fortun'd (as Heavens had behight)
 That in this garden, where young Clarion
 Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
 The foe of fair things, th' author of confusion,
 The shame of Nature, the bondslave of Spight, 245
 Had lately built his hateful mansion,
 And lurking closely, in await now lay,
 How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterfly
 In this fair plot dispassing to and fro, 250
 Fearless of foes and hidden jeopardy,
 Lord! how he 'gan for to bestir him tho,

And to his wicked work each part apply
His heart did yern against his hated so,
And bowels so with rankling poison swell'd, 255
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Fly so maliced
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground, 260
Arachne, by his means was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her own skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddess, having heard 265
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fill'd,
Came down to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield;
But the presumptuous damsel rashly dar'd
The goddess' self to challenge to the field, 270
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of works with loom, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make;
So to their work they sit, and each doth chuse 275
What story she will for her tapet take.

Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuse
Europa like a bull, and on his back;
Her through the sea did bear, so lively seen,
That it true sea and true bull ye would ween! 280

She seem'd still back unto the land to look,
 And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
 The dashing of the waves, that up she took
 Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near;
 But (Lord!) how she in every member shook, 285
 When as the land she saw no more appear,
 But a wild wilderness of waters deep,
 Then 'gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before the bull she pictur'd winged Love,
 With his young brother Sport, light fluttering 290
 Upon the waves, as each had been a dove;
 The one his bow and shafts, the other spring
 A burning tead about his head did move,
 As in their fire's new love both triumphing;
 And many nymphs about them flocking round, 295
 And many Tritons, which their horns did sound.

And round about her work she did empale
 With a fair border wrought offundry flow'rs,
 Enwoven with an ivy-winding trayle;
 A goodly work, full fit for kingly bow'rs, 300
 Such as Dame Pallas, such as Envy pale,
 That all good things with venomous tooth devours,
 Could not accuse. Then 'gan the goddess bright
 Her self likewise unto her work to dight.

She made the story of the old debate 305
 Which she with Neptune did for Athens try;
 Twelve gods do sit around in royal state,
 And Jove in midst with awful majesty,

To judge the strife between them stirred late;
 Each of the gods by his like visnomy
 Eath to be known, but Jove above them all,
 By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the god of seas in place,
 Claiming that sea-coast city as his right,
 And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace,
 Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight, 316
 The sign by which he challengeth the place,
 That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might,
 Did surely deem the victory his due;
 But seldom seen forejudgment proveth true. 320

Then to her self she gives her Ægide shield,
 And steel-head spear, and morion on her head,
 Such as she oft is seen in warlike field;
 Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dred
 She smote the ground, the which straightforth did yield
 A fruitful olive-tree, with berries spread, 326
 That all the gods admir'd; then all the story
 She compass'd with a wreath of olives hoary.

Amongst those leaves she made a Butterfly
 With excellent device and wondrous sight, 330
 Fluttring among the olives wantonly,
 That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight;
 The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
 The silken down with which his back is dight,
 His broad out-stretched horns, his airy thighs, 335
 His glorious colours, and his glistering eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
 And mastered with workmanship so rare,
 She stood astonied long, ne ought gainfaid,
 And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare, 340
 And by her silence, sign of one dismaid,
 The victory did yield her as her share ;
 Yet did she inly fret and felly burn,
 And all her blood to poisonous rancour turn ;

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
 Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
 She grew to hideous shape of drieried,
 Pined with grief of folly late repented :
 Eftsoons her white strait legs were altered
 To crooked crawling shanks, of marrow emptied, 350
 And her fair face to foul and loathsome hue,
 And her fine corps to a bag of venom grew.

This cursed creature, mindful of that old
 Enfestred grudge the which his mother felt,
 So soon as Clarion he did behold,
 His heart with vengeful malice inly swelt, 355
 And weaving straight a net with many a fold
 About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
 With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
 So finely spun that scarce they could be spide, 360

Not any damsel, which her vaunteth most
 In skilful knitting of soft filken twine,
 Nor any weaver, which his work doth boast
 In diaper, in damask, or in lync ;

Nor any skill'd in workmanship emboss'd;
 Nor any skill'd in loupes of fingring fine,
 Might in their diverse cunning ever dare
 With this so curious net-work to compare.

Ne do I think that that same subtle gin
 The which the Lemnian god fram'd craftily,
 Mars sleeping with his wife to compass in,
 That all the gods, with common mockery,
 Might laugh at them, and scorn their shameful sin,
 Was like to this: this same he did apply
 For to entrap the careless Clarion;
 That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor fear of foe,
 That hazarded his health, had he at all,
 But walk'd at will, and wandred to and fro,
 In the pride of his freedom principal:
 Little wist he his fatal future woe,
 But was secure; the liker he to fall!
 He likest is to fall into milchance
 That is regardless of his governancer.

Yet still Aragnol (so his foe was hight)
 Lay lurking covertly him to surprise,
 And all his gins that him entangle might,
 Dress'd in good order as he could devise.
 At length the foolish Bly, without foresight,
 As he that did all danger quite despise,
 Towards those parts came flying careless,
 Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in every vein,
And his false heart, fraught with all treason's store,
Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtain: 396
Himself he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitful train
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noise, ne any motion, made. 400

Like as a wily fox, that having spide
Where on a sunny bank the lambs do play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lies in ambushment of his hoped prey,
Ne stirreth limb, till seeing ready tide 405
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little younglings unawares;
So to his work Aragnol him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavy eyes
A well of tears, that all may overflow? 410
Or where shall I find lamentable cries
And mournful tunes enough my grief to show?
Help, O thou tragick Muse! me to devise
Notes sad enough t' expresse this bitter throw,
For loe! the drery stownd is now arrived, 415
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckless Clarion, whether cruel Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultless him misled,
Or some ungracious blast out of the gate
Of Æole's reign perforce him drove on hed, 420

Was (O sad hap, and hour unfortunate!)
 With violent swift flight forth carried
 Into the curfed cobweb which his foe
 Had framed for his final overthrow.

There the fond Fly entangled, struggled long, 425
 Himself to free thereout; but all in vain;
 For striving more, the more in laces strong
 Himself he tide, and wrapt his winges twain
 In limy snares the subtil loops among,
 That in the end he breathless did remain, 430
 And all his youthly forces idly spent,
 Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the grisly tyrant did espy,
 Like a grim lion rushing with fierce might
 Out of his den, he seized greedily 435
 On the resistless prey, and with fell spight
 Under the left wing strook his weapon fly
 Into his heart; that his deep-groaning spright
 In bloody streams forth fled into the air,
 His body left the spectacle of care. 440

BRITAIN'S IDA.

IN SIX CANTOS.

To the right noble Lady,

MARY,

Daughter to the most illustrious Prince,

GEORGE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MOST noble Lady! I have presumed to present this Poem to your honourable hand, encouraged only by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly assured, by the ablest and most knowing men, that it must be a work of Spenser's, of whom it were pity that any thing should be lost) and doubting not but your Ladyship will graciously accept, though from a mean hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer and observer of your self and your princely family, and shall ever remain

The humblest of your devoted servants,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

MARTIAL.

Accipe sacundi calicem studiose Maronis,
Ne nugis positis, arma viriunque canas.

SEE here that stately Muse that erst could raise
In lasting numbers great Eliza's praise,
And dress fair Vertue in so rich attire,
That even her foes were forced to admire
And court her heavenly beauty! She that taught
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous than before, is pleased here
To slack her serious sight, and feed your ear
With love's delightfom toys: do not refuse
These harmless sports; 'tis learned Spenser's Muse;
But think his loosest poems worhier than
The serious follies of unskilful men.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The youthful shepherds winning here,
And beauties rare displaid, appear;
What exercise he chief affects,
His name and scornful love neglects.

IN Ida vale, (who knows not Ida vale?)
When harmless Troy yet felt not Græcian spite,
An hundred shepherds wonn'd, and in the dale,
While their fair flocks the three-leav'd pastures bite,
The shepherds boys, with hundred sportlings light, 5
Gave wings unto the time's too speedy haste:
Ah, foolish Lads! that strove with lavish waste
So fast to spend the time that spends your time as fast.

Amongst the rest, that all the rest excell'd,
A dainty boy therè wonn'd, whose harmless years to
Now in their freshest budding gently swell'd;
His nymph-like face ne'er felt the nimble sheers,
Youth's downy blossom through his cheek appears;
His lovely limbs (but love he quite discarded) 15
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

High was his fore-head, arch'd with silver mould,
(Where never anger charlish wrinkle dighted)
His auburn locks hung like dark threads of gold;
That wanton airs (with their fair length incited) 20
To play amongst their wanton curls delighted;

His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd :
 Ah ! how should truth in those thief eyes be stor'd,
 Which thousand loves had stoln, and never one re-

IV.

[stor'd ?

His lilly-cheek might seem an ivory plain, 25
 More purely white than frozen Appenine,
 Where lovely Bashfulness did sweetly reign,
 In blushing scarlet cloth'd and purple fine.

A hundred hearts had this delightful shrine, 30
 (Still cold it self) inflam'd with hot desire,
 That well the face might seem in divers fire,
 To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

His cheerful looks and merry face would prove
 (If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)

A dainty play-fellow for naked Love; 35
 Of all the other parts enough is said,

That they were fit twins for so fair a head :

Thousand boys for him, thousand maidens dy'd ;

Die they that list, for such his rigorous pride, 39

He thousand boys (ah, Fool !) and thousand maids de-

VL. [ny'd.

His joy was not in musick's sweet delight,

(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning art)

Of daintier songs to daintier ears t' indite,

But through the plains to chace the nimble hart

With well-tun'd hounds ; or with his certain dart 45

The tusked boar or savage bear to wound ;

Mean time his heart with monsters doth abound ;

Ah, Fool ! to seek so far what nearer might be found

To play amongst their wanton curls beloved

VII.

His name (well known unto those woody shades,
 Where unrewarded lovers oft complain them) 50
 Anchises was; Anchises oft the glades
 And mountains heard, Anchises had disdain'd them;
 Not all their love one gentle look had gain'd them,
 That rocky hills, with ecchoing noise consenting,
 Anchises plain'd; but he no whit relenting, 55
 Harder than rocky hills laught at their vain lamenting.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Dione's garden of Delight,
 With wonder holds Anchises' sight;
 While from the bower such musick sounds,
 As all his senses near confounds.

I.

ONE day it chanc'd as he the deer persu'd,
 Tired with sport, and faint with weary play,
 Fair Venus' grove not far away he view'd,
 Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
 And in their shades his sweating limbs display; 5
 There in the cooling glade he softly paces,
 And much delighted with their even spaces,
 What in himself he scorn'd, he prais'd their kind im-
 braces.

II.

The wood with Paphian myrtles peopled,
 (Whose springing youth felt never winter's spiting) 10
 To laurels sweet were sweetly married,
 Doubling their pleasing smells in their uniting;
 When single much, much more when mix'd delight-
 No foot of beast durst touch this hallow'd place, [sing:
 And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace, 15
 Entred with fear, but soon turn'd back his frightened

III.

[face.

The thick-lock'd boughs shut out the tell-tale sun,
 (For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
 Since her known fault, which oft she wish'd undone)
 And scatter'd rays did make a doubtful sight, 20
 Like to the first of day or last of night :
 The fittest light for lovers' gentle play;
 Such light best shews the wandering lover's way,
 And guides his erring hand : night is Love's holy-day.

IV.

So far in this sweet labyrinth he stray'd, 25
 That now he views the garden of Delight,
 Whose breast with thousand painted flowers array'd,
 With divers joy captiv'd his wandering sight;
 But soon the eyes rendred the ears their right;
 For such strange harmony he seem'd to hear, 30
 That all his senses flock'd into his ear,
 And every faculty wish'd to be seated there.

V.

From a close bower this dainty musick flow'd,
 A bowre apparel'd round with divers roses,

Both red and white, which by their liveries shew'd 35
 Their mistresses fair, that there her self reposes;
 Seem'd that would strive with those rare musick-clothes,
 By spreading their fair bosoms to the light,
 Which the distracted sense should most delight;
 That raps the melted ear, this both the smell and sight!
 The boy 'twixt fearful hope and wishing fear 41
 Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
 The bower, much more the guest so lodged there)
 And as he goes he marks how well agree
 Nature and Art in discord unity, 45
 Each striving who should best perform his part,
 Yet Art now helping Nature, Nature Art,
 While from his ears a voice thus stole his heart.

VII.

" Fond Men! whose wretched care the life soon ending,
 " By striving to increase your joy do spend it, 50
 " And spending joy, yet find no joy in spending;
 " You hurt your life by striving to amend it,
 " And seeking to prolong it soonest end it;
 " Then while fit time affords thee time and leasure, 54
 " Enjoy while yet thou may'st thy life's sweet pleasure;
 " Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his trea-

VIII. [sure.]

" Love is life's end; an end, but never ending;
 " All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;
 " Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent, but ever spending)
 " More rich by giving, taking by discarding; 60
 " Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding;

"Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove;
 "Ah! shouldst thou live but once love's sweetsto prove,
 "Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love."

To this sweet voice a dainty musick fitted
 Its well-tun'd strings, and to her notes consoled,
 And while with skilful voice the song she dittied,
 The blabbing Echo had her words retorted;
 That now the boy, beyond his soul transported,
 Through all his limbs feels run a pleasant shaking,
 And 'twixt a hope and fear suspects mistaking,
 And doubts he sleeping dreams, and broad awake
 His fears waking.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

Fair Cytherea's limbs beheld,
 The straying lad's heart so intral'd,
 That in a trance his melted Spright
 Leaves th' senses slumbering in delight.

Now to the bower he sent his thievish eyes
 To steal a happy sight; there do they find
 Fair Venus, that within half naked lies,
 And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
 Would not return the message to the mind;
 But full of fear and superstitious awe,
 Could not retire or back their beams with-draw,
 So fix'd on too much seeing made they nothing saw.

Her goodly length stretch'd on a lilly-bed,
 (A bright foil of a beauty far more bright)
 Few roses round about were scattered,
 As if the lillies learnt to blush, for spight
 To see a skin much more than lilly-white:
 The bed sank with delight so to be pressed,
 And knew not which to think a chance more blessed,
 Both blessed so to kiss, and so again be kissed.

III.
 Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest moon,
 Whose full-grown orb begins now to be spent,
 Largely display'd in native silver shone,
 Giving wide room to beauty's regiment,
 Which on the plain with love triumphing went;
 Her golden hair a rope of pearl imbrac'd,
 Which with their dainty threads oft-times enlac'd,
 Made the eye think the pearl was there in gold inchas'd

IV.
 Her full large eye, in jetty-black array'd,
 Proud beauty not confin'd to red and white,
 But oft her self in black more rich display'd;
 Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
 To make one beauty in different delight;
 A thousand Loves fate playing in each eye,
 And smiling Mirth, kissing fair Courtesy,
 By sweet persuasion won a bloodless victory:

V.
 The whitest white set by her silver cheek
 Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;

The freshest purple fresher dyes must seek, 35
 That dares compare with them his fainting red :
 On these Cupido winged armies led
 Of little Loves, that with bold wanton train
 Under those colours, marching on the plain,
 Force every heart, and to low vassalage constrain. 40

VI.
 Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,
 From their so wish'd imbracements seldom parted,
 Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;
 But when sweet words their joyning sweets disparted,
 To th' ear a dainty musick they imparted : 45
 Upon them fitly sate, delightful smiling,
 A thousand souls with pleasing stealth beguiling :
 Ah ! that such shews of joys should be all joys exiling !

VII.
 The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
 So sweet a lodge; but when she once intended
 To feast the air with words, the heart deceiving,
 More fast it thronged so to be expended ;
 And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
 Playing i'th' breath, more sweet than is that firing :
 Where that Arabian only bird expiring
 Lives by her death, by loss of breath more fresh re-

VIII. [spiring.
 Her chin, like to a stone in gold inchas'd,
 Seem'd a fair jewel wrought with cunning hand,
 And being double, doubly the face grac'd :
 This goodly frame on her round neck did stand ; 60
 Such pillar well such curious work sustain'd ;

And on his top the heavenly sphear up-rearing,
Might well present, with daintier appearing,
A less but better Atlas, that fair heaven bearing.

IX.

Lower two breasts stand all their beauties bearing, 65
Two breasts as smooth and soft; but, ah, alas!
Their smoothest softness far exceeds comparing;
More smooth and soft, but nought that ever was,
Where they are first, deserves the second place;
Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other; 70
And when thou first try'st one, and then the other,
Each softer seems than each, and each than each seems

X.

[smoother.

Lowly between their dainty hemispheres,
(Their hemispheres the heav'nly globe's excelling)
A path more white than is the name it bears, 75
The Lactéal Path, conducts to the sweet dwelling
Where best Delight all joys sits freely dealing;
Where hundred sweets, and still fresh joys attending,
Receive in giving, and still love dispending,
Grow richer by their loss, and wealthy by expending.

XI.

But stay, bold Shepherd! here thy footing stay, 81
Nor trust too much unto thy new-born quill,
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beauteous hill
Which past the finest hand and choicest skill; 85
But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soon be blam'd,
For now the shameless world of best things is asham'd.

R iij

XII.

That cunning artist that old Greece admir'd,
 Thus far his Venus fitly pourtrayed, 90
 But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd;
 His Dædale hand, that Nature perfected
 By Art, felt Art by Nature limited.
 Ah! well he knew though his fit hand could give
 Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live, 95
 Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

XIII.

Such when this gentle boy her closely view'd,
 Only with thinnest silken veil o're-laid,
 Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd
 By being next that skin, and all betray'd, 100
 Which best in naked beauties are arry'd,
 His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
 Ran from their work to see so splendid light,
 And left the fainting limbs sweet slumbring in delight.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

The swooning swain recovered is
 By th' goddess, his soul rapt in bliss:
 Their mutual conference, and how
 Her service she doth him allow.

I.

SORT sleeping Venus, waked with the fall,
 Looking behind, the sinking boy espies;
 Withall she stares, and wondereth withall;
 She thinks that there her fair Adonis dies,
 And more she thinks the more the boy she eyes: 5

So stepping nearer, up begins to rear him;
And now with Love himself she will confer him,
And now before her love himself she will prefer him.

II.

The lad, soon with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himself so well, so sweetly seated, 10
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his sitting soul to heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne and bliss instated:
Oft would he die, so to be often sav'd;
And now with happy wish he closely crav'd 15
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingrav'd.

III.

The Paphian princess (in whose lovely breast
Spiteful disdain could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his fit releast,
(To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base) 20
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace:
But oh! those smiles (too full of sweet delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight;
So seeking to revive, more wounds his feeble sprite.

IV.

Tell me, fair Boy! (said she) what erring chance 25
Hither directed thy unwary pace?
For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance
Their foul aspect in thy so pleasant face:
Tell me what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lack of love, or mutual answering fire? 30
Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire?
Tell me what is't thy fair and wishing eyes require?

The boy, whose sense was never yet acquainted
 With such a musick, stood with ears erected,
 And sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted, 35
 More of those sugred strains long time expected;
 Till seeing she his speeches not rejected,
 First sighs arising from his heart's low center,
 Thus 'gan reply, when each word bold would venter,
 And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter. 40

"Fair Cyprian queen," (for well that heavenly face
 Proves thee the mother of all-conquering Love)

"Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeting pace,

"For no presumptuous thoughts did hither move"

"My daring feet to this thy holy grove; 45

"But luckless chance (which if you not gain-say,

"I still must rue) hath caus'd me here to stray,

"And lose myself (alas!) in losing of my way.

"Nor did I come to right my wronged fire;

"Never till now I saw what ought be lov'd; 50

"And now I see, but never dare aspire

"To move my hope, where yet my love is mov'd;

"Whence though I would, I would it not remov'd;

"Only since I have plac'd my love so high,

"Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt deny, 55

"Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to die."

"But she that in his eyes Love's face had seen,

"And flaming heart, did not such suit disdain,

(For cruelty fits not sweet Beauty's queen)

But gently could his passion entertain, 60
 Though the Love's princess, he a lowly swain:
 First of his bold intrusion she acquits him,
 Then to her service (happy Boy!) admits him,
 And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits him:

IX.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted, 65
 And Cupid's self, with his like face delighted,
 Taught him a hundred ways with which he daunted
 The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
 Forcing to love that most his love despighted:
 And now the practise boy did so approve him, 70
 And with such grace and cunning art did move him,
 That all the pretty Loves and all the Graces love him!

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The lover's sad despairing plaints
 Bright Venus with his love acquaints;
 Sweetly importun'd, he doth show
 From whom proceedeth this his woe.

I.

YET never durst his faint and coward heart
 (Ah, Fool! faint heart fair lady ne'er could win)
 Assail fair Venus with his new-learnt art,
 But kept his love and burning flame within,
 Which more flam'd out the more he prest it in;
 And thinking oft how just she might disdain him,
 While some cool myrtle shade did entertain him,
 Thus sighing would he sit, and sadly would he plain
 him:

II. *But gently could he whisper*

" Ah; fond and hapless Boy! nor know I whether
 " More fond or hapless more, that all so high
 " Hast plac'd thy heart, where Love and Fate together
 " May never hope to end thy misery,
 " Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy:
 " All hindrances (alas!) conspire to lett it;
 " Ah, fond and hapless Boy! if canst not get it,
 " In thinking to forget, at length learn to forget it.

III. *The power had never been*

" Ah, far too fond, but much more hapless Swain!
 " Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,
 " Serve and observe thy love with willing pain;
 " And though in vain thy love thou dost persevere,
 " Yet all in vain do thou adore her ever.
 " No hope can crown thy thoughts so far aspiring,
 " Nor dares thy self desire thine own desiring,
 " Yet live thou in her love, and die in her admiring."

IV. *The boy's heart was*

Thus oft the hopeless boy complaining lies; 25
 But she, that well could guess his sad lamenting,
 (Who can conceal Love from Love's mother's eyes?)
 Did not disdain to give his love contenting;
 Cruel the soul that feeds on souls' tormenting:
 Nor did she scorn him though not nobly born, 30
 (Love is nobility) nor could she scorn
 That with so noble skill her title did adorn.

V. *And thinking of how he had gained her*

One day it chanc'd, thrice happy day and chance!
 While Loves were with the Graces sweetly sporting,

And to fresh musick sounding play and dance, 35
 And Cupid's self, with shepherds' boys conforing,
 Laugh'd at their noisy sport and simple courting,
 Fair Venus the fearful boy close by her,
 Where never Phœbus' jealous looks might eye her,
 And bids the boy his mistress and her name descry her.

VI.

Long time the youth up-bound in silence stood, 41
 While hope and fear with hundred thoughts begun,
 Fit prologue to his speech, and fearful blood
 From heart and face with these post-tydings run,
 That either now he's made or now undone : 45
 At length his trembling words, with fear made weak,
 Began his too long silence thus to break,
 While from his humble eyes first reverence seem'd to

VII.

[speak.

" Fair Queen of Love! my life thou mayst command,
 " Too slender price for all thy former grace 50
 " Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand,
 " But never dare I speak her name and face;
 " My life is much less-priz'd than her disgrace;
 " And for I know if I her name relate
 " I purchase anger, I must hide her state, 55
 " Unless thou swear by Styx I purchase not her hate."

VIII.

Fair Venus well perceiv'd his subtle shift,
 And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
 While thus the boy pursu'd his former drift :
 " No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skill'd, 60
 " Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,

" Though helpt with all the choicest art's direction,
 " But when he durst describe her heav'n's perfection,
 " By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imperfection.

IX.

" Her form is as herself, perfect celestial, 65
 " No mortal spot her heavenly frame disgraces;
 " Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial;
 " More sweet than thought or pow'rful wish embraces;
 " The map of heaven the sum of all her graces:
 " But if you wish more truly limb'd to eye her, 70
 " Than fainting speech or words can well descry her,
 " Look in a glass, and there more perfect you may
 spy her." 72

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

The boy's short wish, her larger grant,
 That doth his soul with bliss enchant;
 Whereof impatient uttering all,
 Inrag'd Jove contrives his thrall.

I.

" THY crafty art (reply'd the smiling queen)
 " Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
 " Yet might'st thou think that yet 'twas never seen
 " That angry rage and gentle love consented;
 " But if to me thy true love is presented, 5
 " What wages for thy service must I owe thee?
 " For by the self-same vow I here avow thee,
 " Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee."

" Pardon (replies the boy) for so affecting
 " Beyond mortality, and not discarding
 " Thy service, was much more than my expecting
 " But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
 " Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
 " Thy love I dare not ask, or mutual fixing,
 " One kiss is all my love and pride's aspiring,
 " And after starve my heart, for my too much desir-
 " [ring."
 " Fond Boy! (said she) too fond, that ask'd no more;
 " Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
 " And giving spends not our increasing store."
 Thus with a kiss his lips she sweetly pressed;
 Most blessed kiss! but hope more than most blessed.
 The boy did think heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
 And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd,
 He felt not half his joy by being over-joy'd.

IV.

" Why sigh'st fair Boy! (said she) dost thou repent thee
 " Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?"
 " Well may I sigh, (said he) and well lament me,
 " That never such a debt may hope to pay."
 " A kiss, (said she) a kiss will back repay."
 " Wilt thou (reply'd the boy, too much delighted)
 " Content thee with such pay to be requited?"
 She grants; and he his lips, heart, soul, to payment

V.

Look as a ward, from time his lands detain'd,
 And subject to his guardian's cruel lore,

Now spends the more the more he was restrain'd; 35
 So he; yet though in laying out his store
 He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poor;
 With that he marks, and tells her out a score,
 And doubles them, and trebles all before.
 Fond Boy! the more thou payst thy debt still grows

VI. [the more.]

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him 41
 With kindly heat, inflaming his desiring,
 Or whether those sweet kisses had inspir'd him,
 He thinks that something wants for his requiring,
 And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring; 45
 But yet though that he knoweth so she gave,
 That he presents himself her bounden slave,
 Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat else to

VII. [crave.]

And boldned with success and many graces,
 His hand, chain'd up in fear, he now releas'd, 50
 And asking leave, courag'd with her embraces,
 Again it prison'd in her tender breast:

Ah, blessed prison! pris'ners too much blest!
 There with those sisters long time doth he play,
 And now full boldly enters Love's highway, 55
 While down the pleasant vale his creeping hand doth

VIII. [stray.]

She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
 Hiding his blushing with a sugred kiss,
 With such sweet heat his rudeness doth allay,
 That now he perfect knows whatever bliss 60
 Elder Love taught, and he before did miss;

That moult with joy, in such untry'd joys trying,
He gladly dies ; and death new life applying,
Gladly again he dies, that oft he may be dying.

IX.

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweet delight, 65
Free from sad care and fickle world's annoy,
Bathing in liquid joys his melted sprite ;
And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish Boy !)
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
To woods, and heaven, and earth, his blifs imparted,
That Jove upon him down his thunder darted, 71
Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty swarted.

X.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue; 75
Light joys float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinks deep, and th' heart's low center doth embrace.
Might I enjoy my love till I unfold it,
I'de lose all favours when I blabbing told it :
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it. 80

That wretched with joy, in such untold joys trying,
His glady dies, and death new life supplying,
Gladly again he dies, that oft he may be dying.

IX

For thus he liv'd, flourishing in sweet delight,
From some sad care and folly world's annoy;
Fading in liquid joys his wasted spirit;
And thus he liv'd, (oh foolish Boy!)
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
To woods, and heaven, and earth, his bliss imparted,
That love upon him down his slender darted,
Blissing his life, and sweet, and all his beauty sweeten'd.

X

Such is the course that to his love doth wrong;
I cannot here have so many place,
I cannot hold his peace and whispering tongue;
Light joys float on his lips, but lightly tinge
Sweat deep, and in heart's low center both combine;
Which I enjoy my love will surely find;
To tell all favours when I blushing tell it;
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the
OLD AND OBSCURE WORDS

IN
SPENSER'S WORKS.

Taken from the Glossaries
OF MR. HUGHES AND MR. UPTON,
And more comprehensive than either.

A.	
<i>Abace</i> , in the two old quartos; but in the folios <i>Abase</i> , to lower, to let fall.	<i>Accosting</i> , in falconry, to crouch or stoop. <i>Accoste</i> , to approach. <i>Accoy'd</i> , soothed, appeased.
<i>Abear</i> , to bear, carry, demean, behave.	<i>Accoyled</i> , stood around, gathered together.
<i>Abet</i> , to vindicate, and, to maintain.	<i>Accrewed</i> , increased, united, collected.
<i>Abide</i> , <i>Aby</i> , <i>Abyde</i> , to abide, suffer, endure.	<i>Achates</i> , 1st and 2d quartos. The folios <i>Cates</i> , i. e. provisions.
<i>Abode</i> , abiding, staying, or delay.	<i>Adaw</i> , to daunt. Sometimes signifies to abate.
<i>Abray out of sleep</i> , raise, awake. <i>Abrayd</i> , awaked.	<i>Addeme</i> , adjudge, deem.
<i>Abusion</i> , fraud, abuse.	<i>Address</i> , to dress, prepare, order, make ready.
<i>Accloy</i> , to cloy, fill up. <i>Accloyes</i> , chokes up, fills up.	<i>Admirance</i> , admiration. <i>Adoe</i> , business.

- Adorne*, (substantively) a-dorning, ornament.
- Adredd, Adrad*, frightened; to be afraid, to dread.
- Advance*, to hasten, to set forward.
- Advise*, to consult, deliberate, consider.
- Advisement*, counsel, advice, circumspection.
- Adward, award*, judgment, sentence.
- Affect*, affection, passion.
- Affrop*, to encounter, to strike down.
- Affray*, terror, tumult. To *Affray*, to terrify.
- Affrended*, made friends.
- Affret*, rencounter, hasty meeting.
- Affronting*, opposing front to front; meeting face to face.
- Affy*, betroth. *Affide*, betrothed, affianced.
- Aggrace*, favour, kindness.
- Aggrate*, to gratify, to please.
- Agbast*, frightened, astonished.
- Agraste*, did so much ag-grace; shewed so much grace and favour.
- Agrise*, to dread and fear greatly; to astonish, to give abhorrence.
- Aguize*, to put on an appearance; to set off after a new manner.
- Albe*, albeit, although.
- Algates*, by all means, any way, wholly; nevertheless.
- All*, altogether, wholly; also used for although.
- Alla Turchesca*, in the Turkish manner.
- Allegge*, alleviate, lighten.
- Alleggerance*, alleviation, ease, comfort.
- Alew*, howling, lamentation.
- Aloofe*, at some distance.
- Alow*, low; the *a* added.
- Amate*, 1. To subdue, to damt, to distress, to terrify. 2. To associate with, to keep company.
- Amenage*, manage, carriage.

- Amenauce*, carriage, behaviour. *to look askance*
Ameasle, fined. *enviously, obliquely,*
Amis, apparel, garment. *sideways, awry.*
Amoves, moves; the particle *a* is added. *Assake*, to appease.
Annoyes, annoyances. *Assay*, proof, trial, attempt, attack.
Anticks, antique odd figures of men, beasts, birds, &c. *Assailed*, absolved, discharged.
Apay, to pay, content, satisfy, requite. *Astond, astound*, astonished.
Appall, to discourage, daunt, terrify. *Assot*, to besot, deceive, make a fool of.
Appeach, impeach, accuse, censure. *Astart*, to startle.
Areare, backwards; a lagging or backward pace. *Atchievement*, enterprise, or performance.
Aread, Areed, shew, advise, declare, tell. *Ate*, did eat.
Areeds, advices, discourses. *Atone, i. e.* friends again, at one; *Atoned*, reconciled.
Arew, in a row, together, all together. *Attacht*, apprehended, laid hold on.
Arke, chest or coffer. *Attaint*, it did attaint; it seemed to absorb it, and to put it out by its superior splendor.
Arraught, did reach, seize on; reached, snatched, seized. *Attance*, once for all; at one and the same time.
Array, order, apparel, dress. *Attone*, bereaved, taken away all together.
Arret, sometimes signifies dercee. *Attrapt*, attraped, adorned.

- Atween*, between.
Avale, to lower, abate, bring down, descend.
Avaunting, vaunting, the a superadded. According to *Hughes* it signifies advancing.
Avenge, vengeance. *Avenge*ment, revenge.
Avize, *Avyse*, *Avise*, to perceive, to consider. To behold, to observe, to be sensible of. *Hughes*.
Aumoyld, enamelled.
Avoure, confession, acknowledgment.
Awarned, warned, premonished.
Awhape, to astonish, to terrify.
Ay, ever.
Aygulets, tagged points.
B.
Bad, asked, entreated, prayed.
Bafful, baffled, beat, defeated.
Baisemains, complements, respects.
Bale, evil, mischief, misery, sorrow, burden.
Baleful, sorrowful, unfortunate, full of harm.
Balke, to disappoint, baffle, frustrate.
Bannes, curses. To *Ban*, to curse. *Band*, did curse.
Barbes, bosses or ornaments in the trappings of a horse.
Barbed, embossed.
Barbican, an outerwork, gate, or watch-tower.
Base, unto the base, below, bottom.
Bases, any covering for the legs.
Basen, as, Big looks basen wide [*Mother Hubbard's Tale*] i. e. extended as with wonder.
Basbd, abashed.
Basenet, a helmet.
Basted, wrought, slightly sewed.
Bate, did beat, *Hughes*. Did bite, *Upton*.
Bauldrick, a belt; *Bauldrick of the heavens*; the zodiack, in which are the twelve signs.
Bay, to bark. *Faery Queene*,

- Book i. C. 7. St. 3.** it signifies to bathe, cherish, or foment. To hold or keep at bay, is the hunter's phrase of the stag, when the hounds are baying or barking at him.
- Beacon,** a raised building of combustible matter, to be fired, in order to give notice to distant people of invasions. *Up-ton.*
- Beadmen,** prayer-men.
- Beadroll,** properly a catalogue of prayers, but used for a catalogue in general.
- Beard him,** affront him to his face; brave him.
- Beare,** a bier.
- Beathd in fire,** hardened in the fire.
- Beauperes,** equals, fair companions.
- Beavy,** a company.
- Bed,** for bid, to pray.
- Bedight,** dressed, adorned.
- Bedyde,** dyed.
- Bebest,** command.
- Behight, or Bebote,** called, named; and sometimes bid, promised, gave.
- Belamay,** fair friend.
- Belamoure,** a lover.
- Belayd,** laid over.
- Beldame,** good lady, good dame.
- Bell-accoyle,** fair reception, kind salutations.
- Bellgards,** beautiful looks.
- Bellibone,** fair maid.
- Bends,** bars placed cross ways.
- Benempt,** bequeathed, named.
- Bent,** the propensity or inclination; sometimes yielding or complying.
- Bents,** rushes, bent grass; bulrushes.
- Bere,** sometimes signifies weight, pressure, or bearing.
- Bereave,** to bereave, to take away.
- Beseek,** beseech.
- Beseem,** to become, to grace, to look seemly.

- Beseen, well-beseen, i. e.* courtesy bearing a good aspect, handsome treatment.
- Besprint, or Besprent, be-* sprinkled.
- Bestead, beset, oppressed;* ill-bestead, bad plight, condition.
- Bet, did beat.*
- Betake, took into his* hand, bestow upon.
- Beteem, deliver, bestow.*
- Befall, happen to, befall.*
- Bever, the fight or visor* of a head-piece.
- Bewray, to discover.*
- Bickerment, contention,* strife.
- Bidding his beads, saying* his prayers.
- Bilive, forthwith, imme-* diately.
- Bittur, a bittern.*
- Blatant Beast, Detraction* represented as a monster.
- Blaze, to divulge or spread* abroad.
- Bleard, dimmed, darken-* ed.
- Blemishment, blemish, stain.*
- Blend, not only to mix,* but to spoil with mixing; to confound. It also sometimes signifies to blind.
- Bless, Spenser has used this* word to signify the waving or brandishing of a sword.
- Blin, to cease, give over.*
- Blift, for blest, blessed, B.* iv. C. 7. St. 46. But in B. vi. C. 8. St. 13. *all about so blift, i. e.* injured, wounded.
- Bloosme, blossom. Pro-* nounce it bloom, B. iv. C. 8. St. 2.
- Bode, did abide.*
- Bolt, an arrow.*
- Bond, bound; kept as* bond-slaves.
- Bonnibel, a fair maid.*
- Boone, favour, request, pe-* tition.
- Boot, advantage, help,* profit.
- Bootless, unavailing, un-* profitable.

- To bord**, to accost, to approach. *Bord*, a jest.
Bordragings, ravagings or incursions on the borders.
Börrel, rude, clownish.
Bosse, a protuberance in the middle of the shield.
Boughts, circular folds or windings.
Boulted, sifted.
Bourn, a brook or rivulet.
Bouzing can, a large drinking pot.
Bowre, often used for an inner chamber or private apartment.
Brast, or *Brac'd*, burst.
Brade, for broad.
Brag, proudly.
Brakes, bushes, brambles, fern.
Brame, vexation; *Breem*, fierce.
Brand, sometimes a fire-brand, sometimes a sword.
Bransles, brawls, a sort of tune.
Brave, not only valiant and bold, but fine and spruce.
Brawn'd bours, well-finished arms.
Bray, sound shrill.
Breadd'd, knitted, plaited, wreathed.
Brent, burnt.
Brigants, robbers, freebooters.
Brockage, [Moth. Hub. Tale] pimping.
Brond, *Brond-iron*, vide *Brand*.
Brooke, bear, endure, digest.
Brunt, violent attack, accident.
Brush, small wood, brush wood.
Bruteness, sottishness, stupidity, brutishness.
To buckle, to buckle on armour; to prepare for battle.
Buffe, a blow, buffet.
Bug, a bug-bear.
Bugle, a small bugle-horn.
Burganet, a helmet.

- Burgeis*, to spring forth, or bud; *bud*, *bud*.
- Buskets*, little bushes.
- But*, unless, except.
- Buxome*, yielding.
- Bylive*. See *Bilive*.
- Bynempt*. See *Benempt*.
- C.*
- Camis*, *Camus*, a thin gown.
- Can*, is often used as 'gan, began.
- Canon-bit*, that part of the bit which is let into the horse's mouth; the ruling bit.
- Capias*, a special warrant.
- Capon*, a cock cut; metaphorically a cow-herd.
- Caprifole*, woodbine, honeysuckle.
- Captivaunce*, captivity.
- Carke*, care.
- Carle*, a clown, a churl.
- Carol*, to sing songs of joy.
- Carven*, to cut.
- To *Cast* in one's mind, to think, to contrive. *Cast* is also used for time, or a throw.
- A Cast of falcons*, a set of falcons.
- Castory*, beaver's oil.
- Causen*, to argue or debate.
- Cav'd*, made hollow.
- Caytive*, *Caitive*, mean, vile, captive, slave.
- Certes*, certainly.
- Cesse*, cease.
- Cesure*, a cutting off.
- To *Chaffer*, to bargain, to traffic, to exchange.
- Chamelot*, stuff mixed with camel's hair; camlet.
- Chamfred*, bent, crooked.
- Chast*, chaced.
- Chause*, anger, heat, wrath.
- Chaunticlere*, so named from *chaunting* or *singing* with a clear and silver voice.
- Chayre*, charily, with great care and caution.
- Checklaton*, a kind of chequered or motley stuff.
- Checkmate*, a word borrowed from the game of chess.
- Cheere*, countenance, air, mien.

- Chevalrie*, knighthood, knightly exploits.
Chevisaunce, atchievement, enterprise, feat, performance.
Chylded, brought forth.
Cleped, called; named.
Clouch, gathered together.
Colled, embraced.
Commen, commune, discourse together. Also to come.
Compast creast, his crest compassed around, or well rounded, proportioned, or framed.
Complot, a plot, combination, or contrivance.
Comportance, behaviour, carriage.
Compylde, brought together.
Con, to learn, to know.
Concept, imagination, fancy.
Concrew, to grow together.
Connd, learned.
Condigne, worthy.
Congee, bow, reverence.
Contecke, contention.
- Contrivt*, spend, consume.
Convenable, agreeable.
Clofend passions, kindred passions.
Coportion, a portion or share with you.
Corb, crooked.
Corbes, ornaments in building.
Cordwayne, Spanish leather.
Coronal, crown, garland.
Coffet, a lamb brought up without the ewe.
Cotes, sheep-folds.
Cott, floating cottage.
Could, as *Could his good to ball*; i. e. dispensed his bounty.
Count, account, reckoning.
Countercaft, a counter contrivance or cunning.
Counterchange, mutual exchange.
Counterfeasaunce, counterfeiting.
Counterstroke, an opposite stroke.
Couplement, union, marriage, coupling together.

- Cour'd*, for covered.
Court, courteousness.
Couth, to know, or be skillful in.
Cragg, neck.
Crakes, boastings.
Cranks, same as *Crackles*; i. e. turnings, windings.
Craples, claws.
Craven, coward, or cowardly.
Credence, belief.
Cruddy blood, crudled, coagulated.
Crumenal, purse.
Culver, (Saxon word) dove, pigeon.
Culverin, a piece of ordnance.
Curat, *Curiets*, *Curats*, thus differently spelled; armour for the back and breast.

D.

Damnifyde, injured, impaired.
Dan, an old title signifying Master.
Darrayne, to hazard, venture, attempt, or prepare to fight.
- Darred larke*, alluding to catching of larks by what they call a *daring glass*.
Dayes-man, umpire, arbitrator.
Dayat, dainty, delicate.
Dayr house, dairy-house.
Dealth, dealeth, gives.
Dearnly, *Dernly*, eagerly, earnestly.
Debonaire, sprightly, courteous.
Decrewed, decreased.
Defesaunce, defeating.
Deffly, finely or nimbly.
Define, to end; to determine or decide.
Defould, defiled, or brought to shame.
Delices, delight, pleasure.
Delve, a pit or hollow place.
Demeane, *Demayne*, demeanour, carriage, behaviour; sometimes it signifies to debate. *Demeasure*, *Demeanure*, as above.
Deemen, deem, suppose.
Dempt, deemed.

- Depeinten*, painted.
Derring doe, bold deeds, manhood, chevalry.
Describe, describe.
Despicious, spiteful, malicious.
Desse, a seat.
Deviseful, full of rare devices or invention.
Devoir, duty.
Dight, to order, prepare, dress, adorn.
Dilate, enlarge upon.
Dirk, dark, or to darken.
Disadvauce, to withdraw, to stop.
Disaventurous, ill adventurous, unhappy, unlucky.
Disease, for uneasiness.
Discided, cut in two parts.
Discure, discover.
Discust, shaken off; to remove, or put away.
Disentrayled, drawn along floatingly.
Disleal knight, perfidious, traiterous.
Disloignd, disloined, remote, far.
Disple, discipline, correction.
Disport, sport, diversion, pastime.
Dispredden, spread, diffused around.
Dispurveyance, want of provision.
Disseized, made to quit or relinquish, dispossessed of.
Dissolute, languid, broken, B. i. C. 7. St. 51.
Disthronized, dethroned.
Distraine, i. e. draw it, or break it asunder.
Distinct, varied.
Distraught, drawn aside, distracted.
Dites, orders, directs.
A Ditt, a ditty, a song.
Doale, a dealing out.
Doe, *Doe him not to dye*, put him not to death.
Dofte, do off, put off.
Dolor, *Dolour*, grief, pain, sorrow.
Doole, dole, complaint, sorrow, pain, grief.
Don, to do on, to put on.
Dortours, dormitories, or lodgings for Monks.
Dotid, doting, impaire d.

- Doughtie*, stout, valiant, courageous.
Drad, *Dread*, *Dreed*, *dread*-
 ed; to be feared, ho-
 noured, revered.
Drapets, linen clothes.
Draught, a military de-
 tachment, B. ii. C. 10.
 St. 51.
Dreare, *Drere*, sorrow, sad-
 ness.
Drent, drenched or drown-
 ed.
Dreriment, heaviness, sor-
 rowfulness.
Drerybedd, a sorrowful and
 dreary state.
Drest, ordered, prepared.
Drevill, a driveller, a fool.
Drift, impulse, force, or
 driving on.
Drowsyhedd, drowsiness.
Duresse, confinement, im-
 prisonment, hardship.
 E.
Earne, *Erne*, to yern, to be
 moved with compassion.
Earst, *Erst*, first of all, at
 first, before, formerly.
Eath, easy, *Ecke*, *Eke*, also; it signifies
 likewise to add, to in-
 crease, to augment.
Effierced, made fierce and
 mad.
Efforce, to force open; al-
 so to violate.
Effraide, frightened, a-
 fraid.
Eft, again, likewise, soon.
Eftsoones, again, presently
 quickly, forthwith.
Eglantine, sweet brier, or
 wild rose.
Eld, old age.
Elf, a Fairy. *Elfin*, the
 adjective of *Elf*.
Elles, else, already.
Embase, to lessen, make
 base.
Embard, shut up.
Embattled cart, a warlike
 chariot.
Embay, to bath; also to
 cherish and delight.
Embayld, inclosed; also to
 make up into bales or
 packs.
Emboss, has different sig-
 nifications.—*Arms em-*

- boft*, arms of embossed work. *Emboft with gold*, raised as in relievo. *Emboft with pearles*, raised or overlaid. In *case embost*, hid, concealed. *The salvage beaft embost in wearie chace*, meaning hard run and wearied out. *To embosse his speare in his body*, i. e. to lodge, to inclôse. But the most difficult place seems in B. iii. C. i. St. 64. *Embosse themselves in so glorious spoile*, probably from the Italian *Imboscarsi*, i. e. by ambuscade to avail themselves of so glorious a spoil. Upton.
- Embowed*, imbewed, arched; covered archwise. *Emboyled*, emboylingwrath B. ii. C. 5. St. 18. the same as boyled, boyling.
- Embrave*, adorn, make brave or fine; to dress. *Eme*, an uncle by the mother's side.
- Emparlance*, a law term, used in petitioning the court for respite.
- Empeach*, to hinder.
- Emperill*, quartos; folios *Imperill*, endanger.
- Emperisht*, perished, gone to ruin.
- Empight*, placed, fixed.
- Emprize*, enterprize, undertaking.
- Enaunter*, lest that.
- Enchased*, engraven.
- Encheason*, occasion, accident.
- Endosse*, to write on the back, to engrave.
- Endurd*, hardened.
- Enduren*, indure, continue.
- Enfeloned*, hurried on by wicked and felonious intents.
- Enfouldred smoke*, smoke mixed with flame.
- Englut*, satiate, glut.
- Engore*, to pierce, to prick; to make bloody or gory.
- Engorged yre*, anger arising to the very gorge or throat; anger which cannot be suppressed.

- Engraffed*, ingrafted; im-
 planted.
Engroste, made thick.
Enhaunst, raised, lifted up.
Enrace, enroot, implant.
Enriven, torn asunder.
Enseams, i. e. fattens.
Ensew, follow. *Ensude*,
 followed.
Ensnarle, insnare, intan-
 gle as a skain of silk.
Entayled with anticks, en-
 graved or carved with
 images.
Enterdeale, mediation.
Enterprize; sometimes sig-
 nifies to give reception
 to one.
Entertake, to entertain.
Entrailed, intermingled,
 interlaced, interwoven.
Enure, accustom to, make
 use of, practise.
Errant Knights, who travel
 about the world seeking
 adventures.
Eschewed, avoided. *Es-*
chew, avoid.
Esloyne, withdraw to a
 distance; separate.
Espeial, sight, spying.
- Esjoyne*, excuse for not ap-
 pearing.
Evangelically, gospel.
Ewstes, ests, newts, or
 evets, Upton. Lizzards,
 Hughes.
Ewghen bow, a bow of yew.
Exanimate, lifeless, dead.
Excheat, accident, or a pro-
 perty fallen to one in
 any thing.
Exprest, pressed out,
 squeezed out.
Extirpe, to extirpate, to
 root out.
Extreat, extraction, draw-
 ing out.
Eyas Hawke, a term in
 falconry, signifying a
 young hawk newly fled-
 ged, and fit for flight.
Eyne, Ene, eyes.
Fade, to vanish, to perish,
 to go away.
Faine, doest faine, art de-
 sirous.
Falsed, falsified, deceived.
Fare, to go. *Faring*, going
 on.
Fatal read, propheticall ad-

- vice. *Fatal* errour, a *Flatling*, flat.
 wandring voyage order- *Flight*, arrow.
 ed by the Fates. *Flit, Fleet*, swift, *Upton*. To
Fay, faith, truth; some- fluctuate, to be in mo-
 times it signifies a Fairy. tion, *Hughes*.
Faylor, doer. *False* faylor, *Flourets*, blossoms, or little
 a deceiver. flowers.
Faalty, fealty or homage. *Foemen*, foes.
Fearen, to frighten. *Foile*, leaf. *Golden foile*,
Feculent, foul, full of dregs. leaf gold.
Fell, fierce, cruel; also *Foind*, pushed.
 gall. *Felly*, fiercely, *Folke-mote*, a meeting or
 cruelly. assembly of folk or
Fellonest, most fierce. people.
Feminitee, womanhood. *Foltring tongue*, faltering,
 State and dignity of a falling, or tripping.
 woman.
Fere, a companion. *Feres*, *Fon*, fool. *Fond*, foolish.
 companions. *Fond*, did find, for the
Ferne, as *fleshly*. *ferme*, *Fone*, foes. [rhyme.
 fleshly prison. *Fordoo*, undo, destroy, ruin.
Fest, feast, for the rhyme. *Foreby*, near to.
Fett, *Fet*, fetch. *Forehent*, seized, caught
 hold of.
Feutred his speare, to set his *Forelent*, lent before hand.
 speare in his rest. *Foresay*, renounce; *Upton*.
Field, is often used for *Foresaid*, forbid, *Hughes*.
 fight, combat, battle. *Forestall*, to intercept.
Fiaunt, warrant. *Forethink*, to repine or be
Fine, end concerned at any thing.
Firmes his eye, keeps his *Forewent*, forsook, went
 eye steady and firm. out of their way.

- Forgone*, lost, neglected, forsaken.
- Forlore*, *Forlorne*, lost, forsaken, wretched.
- Forpined*, much pined, consumed.
- Forray*, to ravage, spoil.
- Foreslackt*, delayed.
- Forsslow*, delay.
- Forswat*, exhausted with sweat.
- Forswornk*, wearied, overlaboured.
- Forthy*, therefore, wherefore, why.
- Fortilage*, fort.
- Forworn*, much worn.
- Foster*, for forester.
- Fouldring*, thundering, blasting with lightning.
- Foyson*, plenty.
- Franchise*, to free or set at liberty.
- Franion*, one of too free or loose behaviour.
- Frankelin*, a freeman or gentleman.
- Fray*, to frighten.
- Freakes*, whimsys, mad actions.
- Frenne*, stranger.
- Frett*, to eat, consume. 'Tis used in another sense; to *frett*, to adorn; *fretted*, adorned.
- Frize*, a warm kind of woollen clothing.
- Frery*, froze, frozen.
- Frounce*, curl, crisp.
- Frowy*, frowzy, mossy, musty.
- Fry of children*, fry, spawn.
- Furniment*, furnishing, furniture.
- G.
- Gage*, pledge, pawn, security.
- Galage*, a wooden shoe.
- Game*, 'twixt earnest and game, betwixt earnest and jest.
- Gan*, for began.
- Garres*, causes; as, *garres thee greet*.
- Gate*, a way.
- Gazement*, gazing.
- Geare*, stuff, attire, furniture, equipage, dress.
- Geason*, uncommon, perplexing.

- Gelt*, a gelding. *Upton*.
Gelt, gold. *Hughes*.
Gentlesse, the behaviour of a gentleman.
German, brother, or near kinsman.
Gerne, yawn.
Gests, deeds, actions, exploits, feats.
Giambeaux, boots, greaves, armour for the legs.
Gibe and gear, joke and jeer.
Gin, begin. *Gin*, engine, contrivance.
Giusts, justs or tournaments; more particularly single combat on horseback with spears and swords.
Glade, a passage; generally for a passage cut through a wood.
Glave, a sword.
Glee, mirth.
Glen, a valley.
Glib, a curled bush of hair hanging down over the eyes.
Glitterand, glittering.
- Glode*, did glide, glance, or swiftly pass.
Glozing speeches, flattering, deceitful.
Gnarre, to snarl or bark.
Gondelay, properly a Venetian wherry.
Goodlyhead, goodliness.
Gore, pierce.
Gorge, throat.
Gorget, armour defending the throat.
Grange, a granery, barn, farm.
Grayle, some particles, or gravel. Also used in B. ii. C. 10. St. 53. for the sacred dish in the last supper of our Saviour.
Greave, for grove.
Grce, liking, satisfaction, pleasure.
Greet, to exclaim, cry out, complain.
Gride, *Gryde*, to strike, wound, pierce, or cut through.
Griefful, full of grief.
Griple, one that snatches greedily, a griping miser.

- Groom*, shepherd, herdsman.
Groynd, grunted.
Guarish, to garish, to dress out gorgeously.
Guild, a guildhall.
Guerdon, reward, recompense, prize.
Guilers, cheats.
Guise, *Guize*, way, fashion, manner, *Upton*. Form, habit, condition. *Hughes*.
Gyre, circling, turning round.

H.

Haberjeon, armour covering the neck and breast, *Upton*. Armour covering the head and shoulders, *Hughes*.
Habiliments, apparel, clothing.
Hable, fit, ready, able, apt, nimble.
Hacqueton, a piece of armour.
Hafendeale, in partition.
Halidom, Holy Dame; an oath by the Virgin Mary.
Han, for have.
Harbrough, harbour.
Hardy, brave, bold. *Hardiment*, courage, boldness.
Hardyhood, *Hardyhead*, a brave state of mind.
Harrow, to lay waste, to destroy.
Harrow! an interjection and exclamation shewing distress.
Hask, a wicker basket to carry fish.
Hauberg, *Hauberque*. Vide *Haberjeon*.
Haught corage; high mind.
Haulst, embraced.
Heast, *Hest*, or *Behest*, command, precept.
Heben bow, a bow made of ebony.
Hedeguies, a sort of country dances.
Hem, them.
Hidder and shidder, he and she.
Hend, to take hold of.
Hent, seized.
Herbars, herbs, plants.

- Herried, Heried**, to praise, **Have**, for heave.
to celebrate.
- Hersal**, rehearsal.
- Hie**, to go, to hasten.
- Hide**, hastened.
- Hight**, named, called.
- Hild**, covered.
- Hilding**, a term of reproach.
- Hold**, B. ii. C. 2. St. 44. the hold of the castle is put for the castle itself.
- Hole**, so spelled in the 1st and 2d quartos; in the folios *whole*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 38.
- Hood**, condition, state. Frequently used in compounds, as knighthood, priesthood, widowhood, &c.
- Hoze**, hoar, hoary, **Upton**. White; sometimes it signifies squallid, filthy, rough, **Hughes**.
- Hoftry**, an inn.
- Hot**, **Hote**, from **Hight**, was named, called.
- Housing fire**, sacramental fire.
- Hoving**, hovering, floating.
- Humbleffe**, humility.
- Hurlen forth**, rush forth.
- Hurtle**, to rush with violence.
- Hurling**, rushing, thrusting.
- Hymen** iö **Hymen**, the nuptial song at weddings, invoking the god **Hymenæus**. I.
- Javel**, seems to signify a slanderer, fellow.
- Idleffe**, idleness.
- Iesses**, straps of leather fastened on the hawk's legs when held in the fist.
- Impacable**, so the quartos and folios; but **Hughes** *implacable*.
- Impe**, child or offspring.
- Impeach**, sometimes used by Spenser in the sense of the French word *empêcher*, to hinder.
- Importable**, not to be borne.

- In, Inn, June, an inn, a chamber, a house.*
Incontinent, immediately, instantly, forthwith.
Indigne, unworthy.
Infant, the Prince, B. iii. C. 8. St. 36, &c.
Inferd; brought on.
Infest, deadly.
Ingate, entrance.
Inguets, ingots.
Intendement, attention, understanding, thought.
Interesse, interest.
Intreat, speak of, treat of.
Intuse, contusion, bruise.
Jollyhead, a state of jollity.
Jouissance, Joyaunce, rejoicing, diversion.
Ire, Yre, wrath, anger.

K.

Keep, care, heed, custody, charge. Keeping, guard.
Keight, caught.
Ken, Kenn, to know, to spy, to discover.
Kend, Kent, knew, kened.
Kerns, countrymen or boors.
Kesars, Keasars, emperors, cæsars, czars.
Kest, castle.
Kestrel, a sort of hawk of the baser breed.
Kidst, dost know.
Kight, a kite.
Kilt, for killed.
Kirtle, a woman's gown.
Kond, kend, knew.
Kynd, nature. Kyndly, natural.
Kynded, begotten.
Kyne, cows or herds.

L.

Lad, led, did lead.
Laid, taint.
Lare, Laire, laire of a deer.
Latched, caught.
Lay, a song. Layes, songs, poems.
Lay, the earth or ground.
Laystall, a place to laydung or rubbish.
Lazars, leprous persons.
Leach, surgeon, or physician.
Leare, Leares, Leres, doctrine, learning, science.

- Leasing*, lying. *Lilled out his tongue*, for
Leavd, levied, raised. *lollid out*, &c.
Ladden, language, dialect. *Limehound*, a blood hound.
Leef, or *Lief*, willing. *As Limiter*, one that goes a-
lief, more willing. *bout selling indulgen-*
Leefe, lost. *ces*.
Legierdemayne, sleight of *Ein*, to lean, give way.
hand. Sometimes to cease or
Leman, sweetheart, concu- *give over*.
bine, mistress. *Lincolne greene*, a species
Lenger, longer. of cloth manufactured
L' Envoy, the epilogue af- at Lincoln.
ter a copy of verses. *Lists*, ground inclosed for
Lest, listen. tilts or tournaments.
Lever, rather. *Lite*, alight, get off horse.
Levin, lightning. *Lived mortally*, i. e. lived
Levin-brond, thunderbolt. among mortals.
Lewdly, ignorantly. *Livelod*, livelihood, main-
Libbard, leopard. *tenance*.
Lich, like. *Livelyhed*, liveliness, life,
Liefe, dear. *Liefer*, *Lever*, spirit.
dearest. *Liefeft*, dearest. *Livery and seisin*, law phra-
Liege-lord, sovereign lord. *ses*.
Liege-man, who owes al- *Lone*, a thing lent, a loan.
legiance to the liege *Long*, belong.
lord. *Loord*, as, *lazy Loord*, idle
Lig, or *Liggen*, to lie. *fellow*.
Lignage, lineage or de- *Lordings*, Sirs, Masters. A
scend. *dim. of Lord*.

- Lore*, learning, instruction. *Malicing*, bearing of ma-
Lore, for *Lorn*, left, lost. lice.
Lorel, *Lofel*, a liar, cheat, *Maligne*, maliciously a-
a loose fellow. buse.
Lover, or *Loover*, a chim- *Maltalent*, ill will, spite.
ney or opening in the *Mand*, manned, furnished,
roof of a cottage. filled.
Lout, to bow servilely, to *Manner*, behaviour, car-
crouch. riage.
Lugs, perches. *Mantleth*, displayeth his
Lusk, *luskish*, *luskishness*, a wings. A term in fal-
lazy disposition. conry.
Lustleffe, listlessly. *Many*, company, B. iii.
Lustybed, lustiness, vigour. C. 9. St. 11. &c.
Lustless, weak, not lusty. *Marge*, margin, brim.
Lyte, light on, settle, fall *Mark white*, the white
on. mark.
Lythe, soft. *Martelled*, hammered,
M. beat.
Mage, magician, enchant- *Mas*, used for divine ser-
er. vice.
Magnes stone, the load *Mated*, conquered, sub-
stone. dued.
Mahoune, Mahomet. By *Maugre*, in spite of, a-
Mahoune, a Saracen gainst one's will, nat-
oath. withstanding.
Make, a mate, consort. To *Mayle*, a coat of mail.
make, (verb) to compose *Mazed*, stunned.
verses. *Mazer bowl*, properly a
Malefices, evil deeds. bowl of maple.

- Meane*, means, conditions, occasion.
Meare, a meer, limit, or boundary.
Meddle, to mingle.
Meed, reward, prize.
Mell, to intermeddle.
Mene, did mean, intended.
Ment, mingled.
Merciabile, merciful.
Mercifyde, pitied.
Merimake, merriment.
Mesprise, neglect, contempt, scorn.
Met, meet.
Mew, a place to mure hawks. Any place shut up.
Mickle, much.
Mieve, for move.
Mincing minion, finical affected darling.
Minime, a minim in music.
Miniments, toys, trifles.
Minished, for diminished.
Mirk, dark, obscure.
Mirkfome air, obscure, foul.
Miscreated, created amiss, ill begotten.
Miscreant, originally signifies Infidel, or one of a wrong belief.
Misdone, for misdo, i. e. to do amiss.
Misfare, misfortune.
Mislecke, dislike.
Mister, manner, sort, art, mystery.
Mistereth not, needs not.
Mistrayned, wrongly trained, instructed amiss; or misled, drawn aside.
Misween, to misjudge, interpret wrongly.
Miswent, gone astray.
Mo, *Moe*, more.
Mochel, much.
Moldwarps, moles.
Mome, a stupid fellow.
Monastery, a monastery.
Mone, sorrow.
Morion, head-piece, helmet.
Mote, must, might.
Mott, did mete or measure.
Moulds, grows mouldy.
Mountenaunce, the amount of any thing, quantity, distance.

- Mowes*, making of mouths. *Nouriture*, nurture, education.
Muchel, much. *Nourse*, to nurse.
Munificence, subsidies, aid, benevolence. *Noyance*, harm.
Mured, inclosed. *Noyd*, annoyed or hurt.
Muzd, mused. *Noyous*, hurtful or baleful.
 N. *O.*
Nar, near, or nearer. *Obsequy*, funeral rites.
Nas, has not. *Ofal*, refuse, dross.
Natblefs, *Natbeles*, not the less, nevertheless. *Ordele*, a trial by fire, water, or combat.
Nathemore, *Nathemae*, never the more. *Overcame*, came over it.
Ne, neither, not. *Overcraw*, to crow over, to insult.
Needments, necessities. *Overhent*, overtook.
Nempt, named. *Overgrast*, overgrown with grass.
Nett, neat, clean. *Overraught*, reaching over.
Newell, novelty. *Overred*, did read it over.
Newfanglenesse, a love of novelty and changes. *Overwent*, overwhelmed.
Nill, will not. Cont. for *ne will*. *Overweening*, self-conceited, opinionated.
Nimbleffe, nimbleness. *Ought*, owned.
Nobleffe, nobility. *Ought the more*, the more at all.
Nonce, for the nonce, for the occasion.
Not, *Note*, know not. Cont. for *ne wot*. *Out-well*, flow out, yield out, discharge.
Nould, would not. *Out of hand*, forthwith.
Noule, the crown of the head. *Out-win*, get out, win the way out.

- Orches*, bosses, or buttons of gold.
- P.*
- Pace*, go.
- Painim*, pagan, infidel.
- Paire*, impaire, diminish.
- Palfrey*, a horse; most commonly a lady's pad.
- Pall*, a robe.
- Paled* *part*, *per* *part*, a phrase in heraldry.
- Palmer*, a pilgrim.
- Panachaea*, an universal medicine.
- Pannikell*, the skull, the crown of the head.
- Paragon*, an example, pattern; companion, or fellow.
- Paramour*, a lover.
- Paravaunt*, peradventure, by chance.
- Parbreake*, vomit.
- Parture*, departure.
- Pas*, go. Also surpass, exceed.
- Pase*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 19. signifies here, country, land, region.
- Pavone*, peacock.
- Paunce*, a pancy, or violet.
- Payne*, pains, endeavour.
- Peark*, brisk.
- Pece*, a fort, a strong place, citadel, B. i. C. 10. St. 39. &c.
- Peise*, poise. *Payd*, poised.
- Perdie*, Fr. *par*. Dieu, an old oath.
- Pere*, companion. *Pères*, companions, equals.
- Peregal*, equal.
- Perforce*, by force.
- Perling*, purling, trickling down.
- Perlous*, perilous, dangerous.
- Persaunt*, piercing.
- Persue*, pursuing, pursuit, or chase.
- Pheer*, companion.
- Physnomy*, physiognomy.
- Picturals*, paintings.
- Pight*, placed, pitched, fixed.
- Pill*, to rob, to pillage.
- Pine*, to pine, to waste away.
- Pionings*, works of pioneers.

- Plaine*, to complain. *Practicke paine*, the cunning practice, plot, and endeavour.
Plaint, complaint.
Pleasaunce, pleasure.
Plesh, for the rhyme, a plash.
Plight, circumstance, condition.
Point, armed completely, Hughes. *Car'd not for God or man a point*, not at all, not a tittle, Upton. *Armed at all points*, ib.
Poize, weight.
Polaxe, or battle-axe.
Pols and pils, plunders and pillages.
Port, behaviour, carriage.
Portaunce, comportment, carriage.
Portcullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or draw up at pleasure.
Portesse, a breviary, or prayer-book.
Pouldred, reduced to powder.
Pouffe, pease.
Poynant, poignant, sharp, piercing.
Pranke, Some pranke their ruffes, i. e. exhibit forth, and proudly shew, Prankt in reason's garb, pompously set forth, arrogantly tricked out.
Preace, press, throng, crowd.
Prest, prepared, ready at hand. Sometimes for pressed.
Pretended, shewn forth, held out.
Prick, to prick as with spurs.
Pricking on the plaine, riding on the plain.
Priefe, proof.
Prive, prove.
Prife, scuffle, fight.
Procurd, solicited, entreated.
Propense, weigh, consider, premeditate.
Protense, extension, drawing out.

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- Prow*, brave; *Prower*, braver; *Prowest*, bravest.
Puissance, valour, power, might. *Puissant*, powerful, mighty.
Purled, flourished with a needle, *Hughes*. Embroidered, or decorated as with embroidery, *Upton*.
Purpose, discourse, talk, words.
Parway, provide.
Puttockes, bitterns, kites. So Gloss. to Chaucer.
Pyned ghost. Vide *Pine*.
Pyonings. Vide *Pionings*.
Q.
Quadrat, a square.
Quaid, subdued. Perhaps instead of quailed or quelled.
Quaile, to subdue, to quell, *Upton*. *Quail*, to languish, *Hughes*.
Quaint, nice, curious.
Quarle, B. ii. C. II. St. 33. contracted from *Quarrel*, shaft, arrow.
Quarrey, prey.
Quart, the western division; the fourth part.
Quayd. Vide *Quaid*.
Queem, or *Queam*, please.
Queint, quenched.
Queint elect, quaintly, or oddly chosen.
Quell, sometimes used for to die.
Quest, adventure, exploit.
Quich, to quicken, to stir.
Quight, to deliver, to free.
Quip, taunt, scold.
Quite, to requite.
Quited, requited, returned.
Quook, did quake, did shake, did tremble.
R.
Race. Vide *Raft*.
Rad, for did read; or guessed.
Raft, *Rest*, bereft, bereaved, *Upton*. Rent, tore, *Hughes*.
Raid. Vide *Ray*.
Raile, adowne their sides. did raile, i. e. flow or ran along.
Raine, region. *Rayne*, rule or kingdom.

- Ramp*, to paw, or fly out, like a mad horse.
- Rank*, in order.
- Ransackt*, plundered, rifled, violated.
- Rapt*, in rapture.
- Rash*, mailes did rash, did break, did shiver in pieces.
- Raft*, *Razed*, erased, effaced.
- Rathe*, early.
- Raught*, reached, did reach.
- Ravin*, rapine, spoil, ravening.
- To Ray*, discolour, beray.
- Ray*, for *Array*, ornament, furniture. Also for in ray, in array, in order and rank.
- Read*, *Reed*, to advise, warn, pronounce, declare, interpret, guess, divine. Likewise counsel, advice, prophesy.
- Reave*, to bereave, or take away violently.
- Readifyde*, rebuild.
- Rebut*, rebound, recoil, repel.
- Reck*, care, reckon, account.
- Reclayme*, call back.
- Recoure*, recover.
- Recole*, *Recuile*, to recoil, go back, or give way.
- Recreant*, out of hope, untrusty, cowardly.
- Redoubted*, revered, honoured, feared.
- Redounding tears*, abounding and flowing over.
- Regiment*, rule, government.
- Relate*, bring back.
- Relent his pace*, to slacken, to stay.
- Reliven*, to live again.
- Remercied*, thanked.
- Rencounter*, accidental fight or adventure.
- Renfort*, reinforced.
- Renfierst*, reinforced, again made fierce and bold.
- Renns*, for runs.
- Renversst*, turned upside down; overturned.
- Replevie*, to redeem, to recover by a replevy.
- Reprieſe*, reproof,

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- Reprize*, to make reprisals. *Rove*, *didst rove*, i. e. *didst*
Re seized, reinstated in pos- shoot thy roving arrows.
 session again. *Rowndell*, a round bubble.
Resiant, lodged, placed, *Royne*, to bite or gnaw.
 resident. *Rue*. Vide *Rew*.
Retrate, *Retrait*, picture, *Ruffs*, ornaments for the
 portrait; air of the face. neck, of plain or ruffled
 Also retreat, fall back, muslin or cambrick.
 give ground. *Ruinatc*, brought to ruin,
Retyrd, drawn out. overthrown.
Reverse, recall, return. *Ruing*, pitying. *Ruefully*,
Revest, dress again, to pitifully.
 clothe again. *Ruth*, pity.
 To *Rew*, *rue*, pity. *Rew*, *Rybauld*. Vide *Ribauld*.
 a row. In a *Rew*, in a *Ryse*. Vide *Rise*.
 row. *Ryved*. Vide *Rive*.
Ribauld, a debauched fel- *Sad*, grave.
 low. *Safe her*, her excepted.
Rise, frequent; fully, a- *Salewd*, saluted.
 bundantly. *Saliaunce*, sally, or assault.
Rift, gap, cleft, chink, or *Salve his hurts*, to cure, to
 crack. remedy.
 To *Rive*, to cleave asun- *Salved*, saluted.
 der. *Riven*, rent, split, *Sam*, same; sometimes it
 torn asunder. signifies together.
Rode, inroad. *Samite*, satin.
Ronts, young bullocks. *Say*, a thin sort of silk stuff.
Roode, a cross. *A sword of better say*, of
Rosiere, rose tree. better proof, assay.
Rote, harp, or crowd.

- Scarmoges*, skirmishings.
Scath, harm, mischief.
Scatterlings, scattered rovers or ravagers.
Scerne, discern.
Slave, slave.
Sclaunders, slanders.
Scord, marked, engraved.
Score, reckoning.
Scorse, exchange.
Scrine, *Scryne*, chest, coffer.
Scruze, squeeze out, press out.
Scryde, defcried.
Sdaine, disdain. *Sdeigned*, disdained.
Seare, dry, consumed, burning, parching.
See, seat, habitation.
Seely, silly.
Selcouth, uncommon.
Sele, a seal-fish.
Select shapes, chosen, elegant.
Sell, saddle.
Semblaunt, shew, pretence, appearance.
Seminary, a nursery.
Seneschall, a president, governor, or steward.
Sens, used for since.
Sent, the scent, the smelling out.
Sew, follow. *Serwing*, following. *Sewde*, followed.
Shallop, a boat.
Shawmes, musical instruments, Psal. xcvi. 7.
Shawm is thought to signify a hautboy.
Sheene, B. ii. C. i. St. 10.
Shend, to disgrace, to blame, to spoil.
Shere, pure, clear.
To Shrieve, to act the part of a confessor. *Sbrift*, or *Sbriwing*, confession.
Shright, shrieked. *Sbrihtes*, shriekings.
Shrill, to sound shrilly.
To Shrowd, to shelter.
Shrouded in sleep, covered, sheltered.
Shyne, shining, brightness.
Sib, related, of kin.
Sich, for such.
Siege, seat, bench, throne.
Sient, a grass, sprig, or young shoot.

- Sight*, sighed.
Sike, such.
Siker, sure, surely.
Sikernefs, sureness, safety.
Simplefs, simplicity.
Sin, used for since.
Singulfes, *Singults*, sighs, fobblings.
Sit, *sits not*, suits not. *Ill it fits*, it ill agrees, ill becomes.
Sitb, since that.
Sithes, times.
Sithens, since that time.
To Slug, to grow sluggish.
Smouldry, hot, sweltering.
Snar, to snarl.
Snarled haire, i. e. intangled, as a skain of silk.
Sneb, to snub or check.
Snubbes, knobbs or knotts in wood.
Sods, turfs, clods of earth.
Sold, salary, hire; a soldier's pay.
Somme, the sum, substance.
Soote, sweet, or sweetly.
Soothlich, soothly, true.
Sert, company. In *fort*, in such sort or manner,
- Soucing*, plunging, falling.
Souldan, *Soudan*, *Soldan*, a king, tyrant, sovereign.
Souenaunce, remembrance, recollection.
Sowndes, inlets of the sea between headlands.
Sowne, sound. *With shrieking sowne*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 30.
Soyle, the prey, the foiled beast.
Spaco, walk about, range about.
Spalles, shoulders.
Sperre the gate, bar, or shut the gate.
Sperfed air, for dispersed air.
Spill, to spoil, to destroy.
Spilt, shed, scattered over.
Spire, to breathe.
Sprent, sprinkled.
Springal, a youth, a strippling.
Spyals, espials, spies.
Spyre, it doth spire forth, or grow up to the fairest flower.
Stadle, staff.

<i>Stales</i> , incitements, devices, tricks.	<i>Stour, Stowre</i> , fight, stir, trouble, misfortune, fit.
<i>Stank</i> , weary or faint.	<i>Straine, Strene</i> , race, descent, family, origin.
<i>Starks</i> , stiff with cold.	<i>Strayt</i> , B. iii. C. 7. St. 40.
<i>Star-read</i> , doctrine of the stars; astronomy.	<i>Stresse</i> , distress.
<i>Steand</i> , for stone.	<i>To Stye</i> , to ascend, to mount up.
<i>Sted</i> , place, seat, station, situation.	<i>Subverst</i> , subverted, overthrown.
<i>Steeme</i> , smoke. <i>Steemed</i> , had exhaled.	<i>Successe</i> , succession.
<i>Steemed</i> , esteemed.	<i>Suffused eyes</i> , bedewed, suffused with tears.
<i>Stent</i> , stint, stay, stop.	<i>Suppressing</i> , keeping under.
<i>Stept</i> , steeped, soaked, wetted.	<i>Supprest</i> , ravished.
<i>Sterne</i> , tail.	<i>Surbet</i> , wearied.
<i>Sterve</i> , to perish, to die.	<i>Surcease</i> , stop.
<i>Steven</i> , sound, noise.	<i>Surquedry</i> , pride, presumption.
<i>Sure</i> , stir or move.	<i>Sute</i> , suit, petition, request.
<i>Stole</i> , a garment, a martyr's robe.	<i>Swart</i> , swarthy, black.
<i>Stond</i> , stand, station.	<i>Swarving</i> , fwerving, giving way, going from.
<i>Stonied</i> , astonished, or stunned.	<i>Sway</i> , management, direction, rule, motion.
<i>Stoond</i> . Vide <i>Stonied</i> .	<i>Sweath-bands</i> , swathe or swaddling-bands.
<i>Stound</i> , <i>Stownd</i> , space, moment, season, hour, time.	<i>Swelt</i> , burnt, suffocated with heat, fainted.
<i>Stoup</i> , in falconry, when the hawk on wing strikes at the fowl.	

Swerved, moved, wander-
ed out of his place.

Swinck, labour.

Swound, a swoon or faint-
ing fit.

T.

Targe, a buckler or shield.

Tassel, *Toffel*, a twisted or
bushy ornament of silk,
gold, or silver.

Tassel gent, a gentle, tame
male hawk.

Teade, a torch.

Teene, *Tine*, *Tyne*, trouble,
mischiefe, injury.

Tenor, the middle part
next the base.

Thee, thrive, prosper. *Well*
mote ye thee, B. ii. C. i.
St. 33.

Thewes, manners, qualifi-
cations, customs.

Thilk, this, that.

Tho, then.

Thralled, enslaved. *Thralls*,
slaves.

Thrill, to pierce through.

Throw, that last bitter throw,
pain, pangs. *So mighty*

throwes, strokes, blows.

To sleep a throwe, a small
while or space.

Thrust, *Thirstie*, thirst.

Tickle, slippery, unstable,
ticklish.

Tide, a while; time, sea-
son, an hour.

Tight, tied.

Tind, kindled, excited.

Tire, rank, row, as a tire
of ordnanee.

Tort, wrong, injury.

Totty, dizzy, tottering.

Touzd, tugged and hauled
about.

Traft, by *traft*, by tracing,
by *traft* and footing.

Trade, tread, trace, or
footstep. *Do Trade*, do
walk.

Train, *Trayn*, the train or
tail. Likewise used for
treachery, deceit.

Tramels, nets.

Translated, turned them to.

Transmew, to transform,
transmute. [order.

Transverse, awry, out of

Tract, followed as by tract
or footing.

Traveile, labour.

Treachour, *Treachetour*, traitor.

Treague, a truce, cessation
of arms; agreement.

Treen, of a tree, wooden.

Trenchand, *Trenchant*, cutting, sharp.

Troad, path, footing.

Trow, believe, imagine,
conceive.

To Trufs, a term in falconry, when the hawk raises his prey aloft, and then descends with it to the ground.

Turnament, *Turneyment*,
Turney, a sort of single combat on horseback, commonly with lances.

Turribant, a turban.

Tway, two; in *Tway*, in two. His *Twaine*, his couple.

Tweght, twit, upbraid.

Twitin, to blame, to upbraid.

Twysfold, twofold.

V. U.

Vaded, gone.

Valew, value, worth, valour.

Vantage, profit.

Vauncing, advancing.

Vaint, to boast.

Vellenoge, rather *Villenoge*, the meanest and lowest of tenure.

Venery, hunting of wild beasts, B. 1. C. 6. St. 22.

Venger, revenger.

Ventayls, the fore part of the helmet, to give vent or air to the face by lifting up.

Venteth into the wind, snuffs the wind.

Vert the maine shete, turn, shift.

Vetchy bed, (Shep. Cal.) bed of pease straw.

Wilde, vile.

Virelays, a kind of songs.

Vismie, physiognomy, visage, aspect.

Umbriere, the visor of the helmet.

- Uncouth*, unusual, strange, harsh ; odd, deformed.
Underfong, attempt by unfair and indirect means.
Undertime, the afternoon, toward the evening,
 B. iii. C. 7. St. 13.
Undight, not dight, disordered ; loosened, untied.
Unneath, difficult, scarcely, with difficulty. Sometimes it signifies almost.
Unhete, to, discover, to bewray.
Unherst, took them from the horse or temporary monument where they were usually hanged,
 B. v. C. 3. St. 37.
Unkempt, unadorned ; or void of grace or elegance.
Unkend, not known.
Unlich, unlike.
Unparvaide, unprovided, not furnished.
Unrest, disquiet, uneasiness.
Unfoot, unsweet.
- Unwares*, unexpectedly, uncautiously, unwarily.
Unweeting, unknowing, unawares, ignorant.
Unwist, not thought of, unknown.
Upbraist, burst open.
Upbrayes, upbraidings, reproaches.
Upwreaked, unrevengeed.
- W.**
Wage, a pledge ; likewise reward, wages.
Waist, a stray.
War, worse.
War-hable, able or powerful in war.
Ware, wary, cautious.
Ware, did wear.
Wareless, stupified.
War-old, old in war or strife.
Warray, to make war upon, to harass with war.
Warriouresse, a woman warrior, an Amazon.
Watchet, pale, blue.
Wawes, waves, Upton.
Wawes, waves, perhaps for woes, Hughes.

- Way*, weigh, value, esteem. To *west*, to set in the west.
Wayment, to bewail, lament. *Wex*, to increase, to grow.
Wayne, *Waine*, chariot. *Whally*, full of whales.
Weal-away, *Wele-away*, *Whatso*, whatsoever.
 alas. *Whenso*, whensoever.
Ween, *Weenen*, imagine, *Whilome*, *Whylome*, former-
 judge. ly, some while ago.
Weet, to know. *Weeten*, to *Whist*, hushed, silenced.
 wit. *Whit*, a little part.
Weetless, unknowing. *Whot*, hot.
Weste, waisted. *Weste*, wa- *Whyleare*, erewhile, some-
 ved, avoided, put off. time before.
West, (noun) a stray; *Wicked* *herbes*, noxious,
 whatever wanders and poisonous.
 is lost. *Wield*, *Weld*, manage,
Weld, did well, spring, handle, govern, direct,
 flow. To *Weld*, to move, turn, sway, &c.
 to wield, to govern. *Wight*, creature, person.
Wele, weal, welfare. *Wightly*, quickly.
Welke, to set, decrease, *Wimble*, shifting to and
 wither; to grow faint. fro.
Welkin, the sky, firmament. *Wimpled*, folded over like
 a veil.
Welter, to wallow. *Wise*, guise, appearance.
Wend, to go. *Wend*, for To *Wis*, to know. *Wist*,
Weened, imagine. thought, knew.
Went, way, journey, Up- *Wite*, blame, reproach.
 ton. *Withbault*, withholden,
Hughes. withdrew.

Woe
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Wreath
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Wroke
Wyle,
Wyle.

- Woe* begunne, far gone in
 woe; overwhelmed.
Wonne, is used in two sen-
 ses; in the first, for to
 overcome, gain the vic-
 tory, from to win. In
 the second place, for to
 dwell, to inhabit, from
 the German *wonen*.
Won, to use, to be wont.
Wont, custom, manner.
Woo, to court, or win by
 courting.
Wood, mad. *Woodness*,
 madness.
Wot, to know. *Wotest*,
 knowest.
Wowed, wooed, for the
 rhyme.
Woxed, waxed.
Wraft, wrest, for the
 rhyme.
Wreake, to revenge. *Wroke*,
 revenged.
Wreakful, revengeful.
Wrest, wrist.
Wrizled, wrinkled.
Wroken, wreaked, revenged
Wyle, beguile.
Wyte. Vide *Wite*.
- Ybet*, beaten.
Ybent, bent, inclined, ad-
 dicted.
Yblent, blinded, or con-
 founded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclad, clad, clothed.
Ycleped, called, named.
Ydleffe, idleness.
Ydrad, *Ydred*, dreaded,
 feared.
Yearne, earn, get, procure.
Yede, *Yeed*, *Yeade*, to go.
Yeoman, sometimes signi-
 fies servant.
Yerks, yerks, jerks, lashes.
Yeven, given.
Yferg, in company, toge-
 ther.
Yfostered, fostered, nou-
 rished, brought up.
Yfraught, freighted, load-
 en.
Yfretted, the same as fet-
 ted.
Ygoe, gone.
Yit, yet; for the rhyme.
Ylike, alike.
Ymagery, images, figures.

<i>Ymolt</i> , molten, melted.	<i>Yplaste</i> , placed.
<i>Ymp</i> , <i>Impe</i> , offspring.	<i>Yplight</i> , plighted.
<i>Ympt</i> , grafted on; fixed on as a graft.	<i>Yrapt</i> , rapt in an ecstasy.
<i>Yod</i> . Vide <i>Feed</i> .	<i>Yre</i> , ire, anger.
<i>Yold</i> , yielded.	<i>Yrent</i> , rent.
<i>Yond</i> , beyond.	<i>Yrived</i> , rived, riven.
<i>Yore</i> , of yore, anciently, formerly.	<i>Yroke</i> , <i>Ywreaken</i> , <i>Ywroken</i> , wreaked, revenged.
<i>Yount</i> , youth.	<i>Ysame</i> , collected together.
<i>Yowker</i> , a lusty young man.	<i>Yshend</i> , to spoil, to disgrace.
<i>Ypaid</i> . Vide <i>Apaid</i> .	<i>Ywis</i> , <i>Iwis</i> , truly, indeed; to my own knowledge.
<i>Ypent</i> , pent up, or folded like sheep.	Sometimes used expensively, sometimes ironically.
<i>Ypight</i> , placed.	



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